# TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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## Poetry.

### AN AUTUMN WOODS.

BY GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

Now ankle-deep in mottled leaves,
That o'er me cast their trembling shower,
Through rustling paths of Autumn woods
I rove a meditative hour.

Soft melodies move 'round my feet
And fill the air far overhead—
Low whispering voices passing by—
The spirits of the Summer dead.

With them I muse on memories,
Unconsciously with them I'm in tune,
And dreamily go back to days
When life was warm in joyful June.

The spaces in the leafy roofs
Have wisely grown, somehow has found
Free passage, and, through gray twigs, throws
A shattered rainbow on the ground.

A shattered rainbow! ah, how like
The fate my youth's ideals have found!
Those glorious dreams, what are they now?
A shattered rainbow on the ground!

On treetops each forsaken nest
Looks lonely, now the birds have flown,
Not even by a murmur blest
Of loving songs it once has known.

So joys of old no longer thrill
My heart, as once, with rapture strains;
And where they chanted all is still—
The silent nest alone remains.

Days fall like leaves, and mine grow brief;
Age wounds me and I am growing old;
But what remains of life or leaf,
Like these, may Heaven change to gold!

## Our Story Teller.

## SQUIRE PAUL.

### The Story of a Life.

BY HANS WARRING.

"You will learn some day, at your cost my dear fellow, that you cannot run your head through a wall in these parts."

"I am not so innocent, my dear sir, but that, during the 33 years of my life, I should have gained the same experience elsewhere. But I have also learned another thing—a man in my position is irretrievably lost as soon as he shows any timid hesitation. I have considered the matter well, and am not in doubt as to what I shall answer when the decisive moment arrives."

"Very good! very good! But if the consequences should fall heavily upon your head, please remember that you have been warned!"

"You may set your mind at rest. I know very well that I alone am responsible for my actions."

"That sounds very well, but is not quite right, after all. We all have to suffer through your obstinacy; the whole neighborhood will be in danger if, the worst comes to the worst. Take the case that those fellows should send a bullet through your stubborn head from an ambush—what then?"

"Then the fate which I might have met at Koniggratz or Gravelotte will only have overtaken me a few years later. For a Prussian soldier a bullet is no longer an unknown bugbear."

"And you are really willing to run the risk, even though, by yielding slightly, you could set everything right again?"

"That's just it. I cannot feel convinced that any yielding on my part will accomplish that. On the contrary, it would only delay the crisis, not avert it."

"A sensible man will always choose the lesser of two evils. Conquer your stubborn pride; do not carry the matter to extremes by your obstinacy, there's a good fellow! You can manage to afford a small increase of wages; conciliate the excited crowd by offering it to them. You will see how quickly this will appease the malcontents."

"It would be mere weakness to try to 'appease' where it is necessary to act energetically. I have already told you, Mr. Kayser, that I have well considered. I pay as high wages as it is possible for any manufacturer to pay in these hard times, and under the pressure which weighs upon all business just at present. No reasonable person can expect more from me. Do I not work hard myself? And what good does it do me? I assure you, there is not one of my workmen whose head is more full of care than my own. Look about in my house. The serious, temperate spirit which pervades my home, accustomed to work and self-restraint, will meet you everywhere. Do we, my sister and I, indulge in any luxuries? It is only by severe restriction in our own wants that I am enable to meet my obligations to others—to you as well, my dear sir. But if I know my duty to others, I also know what I owe to myself. And I declare to you that I do not intend to deduct even a quarter of an hour from the appointed working time, or increase the wages by a penny!"

"You have no need to tell me that you know what you owe to yourself. Your self-esteem is plainly written on your stubborn, iron, Prussian forehead. You are not suffering from a want of self-consciousness."

"No true man but knows his own value."

"Oho, my friend, we can be mistaken in that respect as well as in any other. But I did not come here to teach you humility—it would be time and trouble wasted. I came to make you a proposition, to which you will agree, if you are really the clever fellow whom I have always considered you. You see, my dear Reinhard, our interest in the continuance and prosperity of the factory is the same; I have put just about as much money into it as you and your sister. It is quite plain that it will be a gain for all three of us if the work goes on quietly and uninterruptedly, which will probably not be the case if you recklessly follow the promptings of your iron head. Now, on the other hand, I will not deny that you are right—perfectly right—in all that you say about your own mode of life, your own exertions. I fully appreciate your energy, your love of work. I acknowledge that I could not have sold my property to a safer, more reliable person; and because I know that, I regret all the more that the unfavorable circumstances of the present time should create difficulties for you which neither of us could foresee when the purchase was concluded. But to come to the point. As a conscientious business man, as well as in the capacity of your sincere friend, I offer to be satisfied with a lower rate of interest for the next few years, until you are sure for a market for your manufactures, making only the one condition, that you avoid a violent collision with the workmen, and agree to a small increase of their wages. Reflect upon the matter—we will delay the decision for a few days."

"You are extremely kind, Mr. Kayser. Believe me, I am none the less grateful to you if I refuse the time you give me for reflection, as well as your generous offer."

"Don't reject it, dear fellow; make allowances for the state of things here and the present mood of the workmen."

"It is against my principles to yield to an unjust demand from cowardly fear of the possible disagreeable consequences. You know as well as I that I cannot grant a large increase of wages even if I wished to do so; and a trifle would not benefit the men. Let us, therefore, leave the matter as it is."

"You are looked upon as an intruder, even now. They see in you more the Prussian conqueror than the quiet manufacturing citizen. Make allowances for the times; let them have a trifle. You will at least show your good intentions."

"That would mean, in this case, my weakness. Who would be the gainer by it? My yielding would encourage the men to make new demands, and they would be right in doing so. A man who has once been weak and cowardly may well be expected to be so again. Don't you see that that would be only prolonging the war, not fighting it out?"

"So you will not?"

"I cannot and will not!"

"Well, then, you may bear the consequences, you—you—you—Prussian bullet-head!"

"This is not the first time that you have told me what a high opinion you have of me."

The gentleman who had spoken the last few words, with a faint smile on his grave, expressive features, rose from the sofa on which he had been sitting beside his guest, and walked across the room. The other remained seated and looked after him angrily, resting his white, well kept hands on the knob of his cane. A warm friendship existed between these two, and yet they rarely parted without having fought a fierce battle. The elder, Mr. Kayser, late owner of a large factory, was a well preserved, fine looking man of 50. His clear gray eyes looked out shrewdly and intelligently from beneath his bushy eyebrows, and as they now rested upon his younger friend, his features gradually lost their expression of lively annoyance and resumed one of grim complacency. There was much in Max Reinhard's exterior which appeared to Mr Kayser as the expression of what he called Prussian pride and Prussian self-conceit, and which was rather antipathetic than attractive to him. But the whole appearance of the young man—his tall, firmly knit figure; his erect, soldier like bearing; and the grave, commanding expression of his eye—gave proof of vigor, courage, and energy—qualities that had always won Mr. Kayser's admiration, and for which he would not hold respecting the young Prussian, even when, as in the present case, they were exercised in crossing his own will.

A pause had ensued after Reinhard's last words during which his guest let his eyes wander from the clouded face of his host to the objects which surrounded him. The apartment was lofty, light, and cheerful; but everything in it was plain even to austerity. The young master of the house had evidently spoken the truth when he said that its inhabitants did not indulge in luxury. But in spite of its plainness the room had an appearance of comfort, which was partly owing to the fact that everything contained in it gave proof of a cultivated taste and a spirit of strict order.

Mr. Kayser's observations, and the reflections in excuse of Reinhard's stubbornness to which they were about to give rise, were interrupted by the opening of the door. A pretty servant girl put in her elaborately dressed head and announced that tea was ready.

"I had really not intended to stay so long,' said Mr. Kayser, rising slowly from his seat on the sofa, and standing still, in hesitation.

"You are not going to leave us now, my dear sir? What would my sister think if I were to come to her without you?"

"Probably the truth—that we had quarreled."

"I should say that that was not the truth. Two men may differ widely in their views sometimes; but if they are both just and reasonable, that can lead to no serious disagreement. Marie would be unnecessarily anxious if you did not stay."

With these words he opened the folding doors which led into the next room.

"*She* anxious!" muttered Kayser between his firmly closed teeth as he crossed the sill; "I wonder if the devil himself could succeed in making *her* anxious!"

These words were evidently not intended for the ear of the master of the house, and he ignored them with a shrewd smile.

### CHAPTER II.

In the next room—a lofty, airy saloon overlooking the garden—the elegantly appointed teatable had been placed by the open door leading to the veranda. The tea-urn was singing and hissing, the chairs were in their places; but the lady of the house still absent. The guest cast a searching glance around the room. He knew it well. But a short time had passed since he had left this house and removed to his beautiful villa near by; but how everything was changed! The worn out wall paper which he, a widower, living alone, who valued the comfort of life more than its amenities, had considered good enough for many a year to come, had been replaced by a new one, which, with its graceful design of delicate flowers upon a light ground, lent a most cheerful aspect to the apartment. White airy curtains draped the high windows. Not a grain of dust was to be seen on the dark, polished furniture or on the carpet, the colors of which were harmonious and subdued. Kayser put out his underlip and observed everything with a caustic smile.

On a dainty work table by one of the windows lay various books and periodicals. He read the title: Lange's "History of Materialism," Heyse's "Moral Tales," Lewes's "Life of Goethe." His bushy eyebrows contracted, covering his keen eyes more closely than ever.

"Your sister, it seems, is a learned lady," he remarked, in a tone that made such doubtful praise still more doubtful.

"No, indeed!" replied Reinhard, who had observed him with a furtive smile. "She has passed through the course of education common in our home, and learned just about enough to be able to understand and appreciate such works as these"—pointing to the table.

"If I had a daughter—I am thankful that is not the case—I should never have allowed such useless rubbish, that would only have turned her head, to enter the house. Cooking, baking, keeping the house in order, overseeing the servants—that is what she should have learned. Whatever is beyond that is objectionable."

"Those are views about which we will not quarrel, my dear friend," replied Reinhard, with a smile. "If you had had a daughter, you would, of course, have brought her up according to your own principles. No one could have denied your right to do so. Yet the question still remains whether such an education would have fulfilled all that a man requires of his wife nowadays."

"Oh, my dear sir, thank God! we have still men who, like me, are of opinion that the small amount of good in a woman's nature that is worth preserving is completely spoiled by a learned education; men who, like me, have a horror of women who occupy their time with philosophical problems and talk in foreign tongues."

In his zeal he had raised his voice more and more, and spoken the last words so loudly that the lady, who, coming from the garden, was just ascending the steps of the veranda, must have heard them. A smile passed over her face and still rested upon it, as she entered the door with a graceful bow. At almost the same moment the clock in the mantlepiece struck eight. It was answered promptly by other clocks out in the factory and in various apartments more or less distant.

"Good evening, Mr. Kayser! I see I have kept you waiting," said Marie Reinhard.

"It is our fault—our fault' entirely, Miss Reinhard. You make your appearance with the stroke of the hour, punctual as ever—punctual and exact as—as—a sundial."

"That is doubtful praise, Mr. Kayser," replied she, with a smile. "A sundial is reliable only on clear days. I hope I am so on cloudy ones as well."

"Well, like the best of English chronometers, if you like that better."

"That may pass; but please take a seat."

She had laid aside her broad brimmed straw hat and her garden gloves, and now approached the tea-table, arranging the cups and preparing the tea.

Her appearance was very attractive though she was past the bloom of youth. Her thin, light dress flowed gracefully around her slender, finely rounded figure. Over her forehead, which was rather too high for perfect beauty, her glossy light-brown hair was smoothly parted, while at the back of the head it was caught up in two heavy braids. The expression of her features told more of mental power and maturity than of girlish gentleness and amiability. But all her motions were quiet, calm, and graceful; and her whole appearance gave the impression of the perfect harmony of a delightful equanimity, which would not be easily disturbed by outward influences. And yet, although her voice sounded calm and clear, and her smile had its usual cheerfulness, her brother, nevertheless, noticed some traces of agitation in her face. He asked no question, however, and merely gave her a quick, scrutinizing glance. Then he sat down at the table beside his guest.

"I verily believe, Miss Reinhard, that this is the third time this week that I have availed myself of your hospitality," remarked Kayser.

"I have not added up your visits; but if it is really so, I am inclined to look upon it as a compliment to me and my tea table," replied she, smiling.

"I assure you, however, that I would not thus trespass upon your valuable time, upon which you have so many claims"—he cast a sarcastic glance at the books upon the work table—"if business did not oblige me to do so."

"By that declaration you punish me for my premature vanity."

"Mr. Kayser is in bad humor to-night, Marie. What in all the world has put you out so, my friend?" inquired Reinhard.

"A pretty question for you to ask—you, who frustrate all my efforts; who reject every prudent precaution, and force us to live with a powder-mine under our feet, which may explode and blow us to pieces at any moment."

"That's not it, my dear sir—at least, not that alone. They were heavy clouds upon your brow before any difference of opinion showed itself between us. I know the fault is partly mine, but I decidedly object to taking the whole of it upon my shoulders."

"It seems as if everything and everybody had conspired against my peace and comfort. From far and near attacks are made upon the quiet of my life."

"Have you been reminded once more, in some inconvenient way, that you are the guardian of a rich heiress, and, besides that, the uncle of a young beauty?"

"A beauty? Nonsense! I hope she has no such foolish idea in her head! I never could endure handsome women, or such as thought themselves handsome. They always want to be petted and flattered. They take it for granted that every one must consider them and look out for their wants or their entertainment."

"It is only *handsome* women, Mr. Kayser, who claim consideration; every woman is entitled to it from an educated man," observed Marie, joining in the conversation.

"I don't know, Miss Reinhard, how you understand the term 'consideration.' If you mean to say that a man is always to make sacrifices—to give up his own comfort for that of the ladies—I protest decidedly. I, for my part, shall consider myself to be doing my duty towards my niece if I give her a home, and feed and clothe her; and in fact," he added, after a pause, with a sarcastic smile—"what more do women require? To live comfortably, to be well fed, and, above all, well dressed—that is the sum and substance of their wants."

A faint color rose in Marie's cheek, and flash of indignation lit her brown eye.

"It does not seem advisedly to inquire more closely into the source from which you have gathered such an experience," she said, proudly drawing up her graceful head; "you have only yourself to blame if we cannot entertain a very high opinion of your female acquaintances."

He looked up from his plate and gazed with some surprise into her face, which, for the first time, had lost its expression of placid amiability. A grim smile passed over his features.

"I am pretty thick skinned, my dear young lady, and can bear a hard thrust," he said, coolly. "Abuse me as much as you like; it gives me great pleasure to offer myself to you as a conductor for carrying off every domestic annoyance."

As he spoke there was an unmistakable expression of jovial good-nature upon his face and in his voice. At the same time, his eyes twinkled so merrily from beneath their bushy brows, and betokened so plainly a rapid change in his humor, that Marie, too, felt her anger diminishing. She suddenly remembered having repeatedly observed that Mr Kayser had always grown particularly cheerful and sociable whenever he had provoked her, by one of his cynical remarks, to an expression of her displeasure. She promised herself never to give him this gratification again.

"And what was it besides my obstinacy that had annoyed you?" asked Reinhard, who had been a silent but much amused listener to this little skirmish of words. "Has your ward asked for an advance again? Has she informed you that she finds Baden Baden tedious and intends to return? Or what else has happened?"

"No, thank Heaven! I am rid of her for the present! She is well taken care of, and is enjoying herself in the neighborhood of Strasburg just now. The mischief comes from another quarter. My niece writes me, in a most ridiculous letter, that she cannot stay at school any longer. She says she has gone through the highest class three times and can learn nothing more there. She wants to take a situation in the fall. Such nonsense! As if, because she has learned all she can there, she must needs leave a place where she is so well taken care of, for her own good and for mine, too. She says she cannot conscientiously accept from me any longer the high price which I pay for her education. As if I would not gladly pay the double or threefold amount if she would only stay where she is, and not trouble me with such absurd projects!"

"You are not a very amiable uncle," Mr. Kayser," said Marie.

"I have no intention whatever of being one," replied her guest, with a polite smile. "But I mean nevertheless, to do my duty by my brother's child. I have therefore replied to the letter of the principal of the school—for she, too, has sent me a lengthy epistle, with the pleasing intelligence that a prolonged stay in the country is absolutely necessary for my niece's health—to the effect that she is to send the child to me. I hope she will fatten up more quickly at my table than on their learned boarding-school fare."

"And what further plans have you for your niece?" inquired Marie.

"Of course she must go back to school in the autumn. I will not let her take a sub-ordinate position among strangers; and as for keeping her with me, I might not find that convenient in the long run."

"Nor she either, probably," remarked Marie. "She would long for some useful activity. A life without aim or vocation however comfortable it may be, cannot satisfy any one for any length of time."

"Satisfy? Of course it would not satisfy her; but I can help it? Not unless I find her a husband; for I, for my part, know only one vocation for which Nature destines a woman—that of marrying and bringing up children. If she misses that, she cannot but feel discontented and useless under any circumstances."

Again Marie's indignation was roused; again she lifted her head with a proud and at a same time graceful movement of her slender throat. But when she glanced across at her guest and met his eye, which rested upon her with an artful, expectant gleam, she controlled herself.

"I refrain from quarrelling with you, sir," she said, with calm dignity, "and am all the more ready to do so, that it is a matter of perfect indifference to me whether I correct your views or not."

She had finished her meal and rose from the table.

"I must ask the gentlemen to excuse me," she said, as she turned towards the door: "I am having some new flower beds arranged, and am afraid that my orders will not be strictly executed if I do not look after the matter myself."

As she cast a hasty glance at her guest in leaving the room she observed that he was leaning back in his chair with the comfortable expression of a man who is content with his day's work; and, as she descended the steps, she heard, with reawakening anger, that he accompanied her retreat from the field by a malicious chuckle.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### GEN. BUTLER.

#### A Pleasant Picture of His Home Life.

From a New York Letter.

With all of Gen. Butler's political wickedness he has never had a word breathed against the purity of his private life. Those who have been accustomed to think of him as "Beast" Butler, the spoon thief, and Butler, the head devil of all public rascals, would be astonished could they get a glimpse of his home life, at his gentleness, affection and generosity. It was a great blow to him when he lost his wife. She was the love of his youth and of his prime. He first saw her behind the foot-lights, where, as Miss Hildreth, she was an actress. He did not rest until he had made her acquaintance, and then did not rest until he had won her. She skipped about the country, and he followed her, pressing his suit whenever he got a chance, and finally captured his bride in Cincinnati. He was an exemplary husband. His wife proved well fitted by nature and education for any sphere, and their union was a happy one. Some months ago when he took her to the Massachusetts general hospital to be operated on for a cancer in her throat, she died under the operation in her husband's sight. A deep sorrow settled over him, and he has hardly seemed the same man since. His daughter, Mrs. Ames, to whom he is devotedly attached, is now the feminine spirit that adds charms and grace to his home. She accompanies her father to different houses, for he has several. Helps run a house in Washington, furnished for his own use, another at Lowell, and a summer house built of granite overlooking Ipswich bay. His actual home, however, is at Lowell, and is christened Belvedere. He bought the place 25 years ago, and has since that time greatly beautified it. It resembles an English country house, and is in the midst of trees, hedges and vines. It stands on a hill crowned with trees, and has a broad veranda supported by massive columns. Although Gen. Butler is exceedingly wealthy, there is no touch of Crœsus in his home—no guilding, no stucco work tipped with gold leaf, no paintings on the ceilings. It has an atmosphere of home about it, and breathes an individuality of its odd master. Skins of leopards, tigers, foxes and sheep are strewn about the hall. The adornment of the parlors is that of a tasteful woman, and not an upholsterer. No client can talk business here. The big, brusque owner bounds through the broad rooms, reveling in the luxury of rest. He works in Pemberton Square, Boston, and when the day is done he slips out of a back alley way and starts full tilt for Belvedere.

### "Specs I'd Better Resign."

Detroit Free Press.

"Brudder Smith, I find by consultin' de dickshunary dat you jined dis club about seven months ago. On numerous occashuns you hev hearn it talked oberheah dat none of de members should put demselves for'd in pollyticks. We know, an' we hav talked it in dis hall, dat de cull'd race of dis kentry doan't know 'nuff to 'leckshuneer an' run campaigns, an' dat de white folks beat us every time we want offis. It hez bin understood by all dat members of dis club would go to de poll evils and vote as they thought best, say nuffin to nobody, an' go home an' 'tend to bizness. Didn't you understand it dat way?" "I spect I did," was the sullen reply. "But at de 'leckshun de odder day you riz up airly in de mawnin', rusned aroun' to de polls, hollered for dis candydate an' abused dat one, an' long in de evenin' you got into a row an' was so badly pounded dat you had to be carr'd home on a doah. What hev you got to say to all dis?" "I 'specs I'd better resign," replied Smith. "Brudder Smith, you hez struck the key note," continued the President. "Dis club accepts your resignashun wid de utmost cheerfulness, an' de Seckretary am instructed to draw his pen across de name of de Hon Injun Rubber Smith, and write in red ink below it, 'Resigned on 'count of his political engagements.' Mr. Smith, you kin now retire an' devote all your 24 hours of de day to gittin' some white man 'lected to offis, an bein' called a fool fur yer pains. Good night, sah!"

### Unexampled Cheek.

San Francisco Post.

A hundred years from now Baldwin's Hotel will be cut up into canes, and the latter sold at a dollar a piece as relics of a building in which was exhibited the most colossal instance of arctic cheek in American annals.

The incident in question occurred last Monday evening. A gorgeous velvet-vested and cut-glass diamond-pin stranger from Chicago was requested to leave the house after it was discovered that the only effect for a two weeks' board bill he possessed was a carpet bag containing a pair of old socks and a bushel of sawdust.

"How dare you suggest such a thing?" said the guest, twirling his oroide chain. "I am Chairman of the Chicago Committee to receive Grant. Don't you know a prominent citizen when you see one?"

"If you don't go," said the imperturbable clerk, "we'll have to fire you out."

"By whose authority do you perpetrate this outrage sir? By what——"

"By the nape of your neck and the seat of your trousers," interrupted the clerk firmly, and he rang for a porter.

"Very well, sir, under the circumstances, I'll go; but mind you, young man, *don't let this occur* AGAIN!" and he walked offily out.

Physicians now toady Tilden in order to add him to their patient lists, as they feel pretty sure he is going to be sick early in November.—*New York Star.*

## THE TELL-TALE NECKLACE;

—OR—

## The Soldier of Fontenoy

### A Tale of Circumstantial Evidence.

CHAPTER XX—CONTINUED

The sound of muskets striking the ground was followed in a moment by the opening of the folding doors. Adrienne had a glimpse of a line of soldiers; then, one figure advanced alone, the doors were closed, and Jean Renaud stood in the presence of his old colonel. Their eyes me—there was a pause. Perhaps both men were recalling a day when, as proud members of the same noble regiment, they had fought side by side in the midst of dreadful carnage, and had escaped unscathed; of a night, when, as officer and private, the one had uttered, and the other had indignantly denied, a charge of murder; of the twelve years during which one had served his country as Governor of Provence, and the other had worked in chains, wearing the shameful red of the galley-slave.

A moment of hushed suspense, and Adrienne, breaking from the duchess, flung her arms around the convict's neck, and lay sobbing on his breast.

Renaud looked at her; his strong features were convulsed with grief; he smoothed the hair from her forehead as he had done on a fearful night years before, but now the caressing touch brought no relief to her pain.

"Adrienne, my child, this is hardest of all—I thought you were so happy!"

"I was, I was happy—until——"

"Until you found out what your father was. Well, Adrienne, do not weep for me. I do not suffer now as I once did. Now, I know that my child believes me innocent. I know that she is safe, I can suffer on alone. You need never blush for me, child, for in the face of Heaven I swear that I am innocent!"

"Oh, Renaud, you forget the evidence, the proofs against you!" cried the duke, unwilling to alter his old opinion.

"What proofs? The prattling of a baby? Oh, colonel, it was you who condemned me, yet you knew that I was a brave soldier, an honest man. Madame, you gave me my wife; you knew that she was a pure, loving woman; and then, to unite us still closer, came our child, a little angel, so gentle and so sweet. Why, why should I kill her mother? my wife, my darling Madeleine?"

Adrienne's drooping figure alarmed him. He put her in a chair and turned to the duchess, who had watched him in silence. "You will not forsake her, madame! You will not, because of my disgrace, turn from her!"

"Oh, no, never! She is our child by love as well as by adoption. We shall never part with her!" said the duchess, bending over Adrienne, who seemed perfectly to understand what was said, although too much exhausted to take any part in the conversation.

"Oh, madame, you are indeed a mother to her. I thank you for all your kindness to my poor child, and I freely give her to you. My hopes of ever proving my innocence are fast leaving me."

"Is, and nothing be done? Think of the [illegible] ved life!"

"[illegible]re right, madame; as long as the[illegible] remains she will be miserable; [illegible]er what I say, it is still there [illegible] happiness. I see, I thought I [illegible]fered everything that an innocent man could suffer and yet live; but never have I so rebelled against the injustice of my sentence; never has my heart cried out to Heaven for pity and mercy as it does now—now when I see her thus blighted by my shame! Oh, I know now that I am not reconciled to this strange fatality! I am a man, and I demand justice at the hands of my fellow-men. I cannot, I will not submit to this crushing wickedness! Twelve years, twelve years of my manhood spent among vile criminals have taught me the value of the existence I lost! Oh, colonel, I ask you once more, have pity on me, help me to prove that I am not a wretched murderer suffering the just penalty of his crime, but a brave soldier; a man accustomed to face death, who asks only justice—simple justice!"

The duke brushed away his tears, and spoke in husky tones:

"Renaud, I sent for you to-day because Adrienne had been fretting about you and longing to see you; but I had also another motive for bringing you here."

Adrienne saw the startled look in her father's face, and, rising with an effort, went and stood near him, eagerly watching his gestures. The duchess put her arms around her, and thus supporting her, glanced in turn at the two men.

O'Rourke, who had entered, also approached Renaud, attracted by the peculiar tone of the duke's voice.

The duke's experiment was at once comprehended by his wife, and she motioned to him to proceed.

"Renaud, during your trial you frequently alluded to a certain man, saying that if he were living and could be found your innocence would be proven. Do you remember?"

"I do, well. I spoke of the Count de Mornasse." Renaud's eyes met the duke's fearlessly. His voice suddenly regained some of the old, strong ring, as the footsteps acquire firmness on well known ground.

Adrienne's flashing eyes were fixed, admiringly, on her father's face, then they sought the duke's with a meaning glance. The duke signed to her to be silent.

"For years, Renaud, nothing has transpired to throw any light on your statement as to that interview. You know your words were declared to be false."

"I know that only too well."

"Lately, a very strange circumstance has occurred—one that we thought would greatly affect you. What would you think, if I should tell you that the man of whom you spoke is alive, and here in France?"

Renaud started forward, staring wildly at the duke; then his voice loudly echoed the words:

"Alive! Here in France! The Count de Mornasse alive!"

"It is, indeed, true."

"Ah, colonel, you—you would not mock me! You would not tell me this unless it were so—less it were possible to see him, to hear him speak!"

"You shall do both, Renaud."

"What—soon? Adrienne, my child, look at me! See the Count de Mornasse! You hear what the colonel says! He is alive, and we are saved. We shall yet be happy together, my child! my child!"

"Is that the cry of a guilty man?" asked O'Rourke, as Renaud drew Adrienne to his heart, and bent over her, his chest heaving with passionate emotion, his voice audible in suppressed words of joy.

The duchess sobbed aloud in sympathy. The duke looked at that moment what he really was—a man completely mystified.

Renaud spoke, bitterly, after some time:

"Why was I not told of this sooner?"

"For reasons which I will explain later. I made up my mind yesteaday that you should, at least, have an opportunity to repeat your story to the Count de Mornasse, in the presence of witnesses. He received a note from me, and appointed a meeting for to-day. O'Rourke, await his arrival, and conduct him here. Renaud, you have accused me of injustice, you shall now be enabled to prove the accusation, or else to renounce it henceforward. I can do no more in your behalf, as Adrienne will not hear of a pardon."

"And she is right. I have worn this shameful livery for twelve years; but I ask now only what I prayed for then, I do not want mercy; I demand justice."

"The Count de Mornasse," announced O'Rourke, throwing open the folding doors.

"Step aside, Renaud," said the duke. "The count does not know my motive in bringing him here."

Renaud drew back in the shadow of one of the marble pillars, his heavy chain clanking as he walked. Adrienne realized that the crisis of her fate had arrived. She sank on the sofa, trembling from head to foot, physically helpless, but her mental faculties had never seemed so strong and clear, so gifted with intuition and prevision.

The duchess stood leaning over her, holding her small, burning hand, and stroking back her heavy hair.

The count bowed low as he entered, and advanced to the center of the little group, without perceiving O'Rourke or Renaud. He was dressed with more than usual care and elegance; jewels sparkled at every possible place in his costume; his rapid, restless glances were keener than ever, and an air of conscious triumph was perceptible in the increased ease of his manner.

"You sent for me, duke; but I had already intended calling upon you today. I wish to thank you and the duchess for your kindness to my daughter, and to express a hope that at some future day we shall meet again. My daughter is not very strong, and feels quite unequel to the effort of saying farewell to her dear friends here. She begged me to present her very warmest thanks and gratitude for the hospitality shown her by you, and the delicacy of your attentions to her, also her most affectionate adieux."

The duchess accepted the message with her accustomed grace.

"I trust that when Mademoiselle Valetine reaches Paris she will feel quite restored to her usual health. I regret very seriously that your misfortune and griefs should have so deeply affected her. She has a most generous, warm heart, and I shall never forget her interest in my Adrienne and her sympathy for my daughter's great trial."

"Before you take leave, count," said the duke, coolly, "I would like to bring before you a poor man—a very miserable man—who asserts and still clings to the hope that you can aid him in his misery."

The count started, and his black eyes for a second gleamed angrily; then he controlled himself.

"A miserable man whom I can help? I do not understand."

"In other words, the soldier who——"

"Oh, you refer to the convict, the galley slave, whom Mademoiselle Adrienne——"

"His daughter, sir," said Adrienne, slowly rising, and standing erect before the count.

He gazed at her for a few seconds as if fascinated, then said, smiling, and with a slightly perceptible sneer in his voice:

"Yes, I know—Mademoiselle Renaud. Well, what I can possibly do for him I am at a loss to know."

"He is here: he will tell you for himself," said the duke.

Another start, quickly changed to a gesture and an exclamation of surprise, passed unnoticed. The attention was divided, as the duke said firmly:

"Renaud, step forward. This gentleman is the Count de Mornasse, the noble man you have so longed to meet again."

The duchess was absorbed with Adrienne, who had fallen back among the cushions, her great shining eyes alone seeming to be endowed with life and knowledge. The count turned at the sounds of the dragging step and clanking chain. An expression of scorn and disgust lit up his features as his glance fell on Renaud's powerful form and eager, questioning face.

"I see," he said, sneeringly; "the dress tells the story. You are the galley-slave, the soldier who——"

"Count, I beg——" cried the duke.

The count bowed to the duke, and turned graciously to Renaud, whose eager expression had died away, leaving in its stead one of cool, cautious scrutiny."

"Well, well, what do you want with me?" The count's tone was one of impatience.

"I want the truth. I want you to think back twelve years, of a night when a man lay wounded—dying on a field near Fontenoy!" Renaud drew close to the count, his great, gray eyes in vain trying to hold the other's restless gaze, his nervous hands twisting and clutching at his little red cap, his chest heaving with an emotion which at times choked his utterance. "A soldier came to his aid; the soldier was I—the man was——" Renaud stopped. The count made no attempt to supply the missing word. Renaud looked perplexed.

"The man was——" he repeated, with an accent of despair in his powerful voice—an anguish that increased as he continued his appeal. "The night was dark—the wounded man's face was covered with blood—I would not be able to recognize him after so many years—but he told me that his name was Alfred de Mornasse——"

"So far you have stated the truth," said the count, coolly.

Renaud turned to Adrienne, a flash of hope illuming his features.

"You hear, Adrienne, you hear?"

Adrienne tried to return an answering smile, but in vain; her imploring gaze rested doubtfully on the count's pale face.

The attentive listeners became more absorbed than ever; the count seemed rather embarrassed by this quiet, concentrating scrutiny. He turned, with an impatient gesture, to Renaud, who still seemed to expect some expression of kind recognition, some words of encouragement from Alfred de Mornasse. But they were not uttered.

Renaud's voice trembled as he again proceeded with his appeal.

"Well, then you gave me a reward, your purse; it contained three hundred *louis*, in gold."

"Yes, yes, I remember. I also told you my father's name, and requested you to convey to him the tidings of my death."

"Yes." Renaud's voice rose in triumphal joy. "And then you confided to me your——"

"Stop there, man. Now, you are going to repeat that old story about valuable papers and jewels."

"But you did give them to me, title-deeds, diamonds, pearls, your signet-ring——"

"Not at all; you have told that story so often that you now imagine it to be really true."

Jean Renaud, instead of shrinking away from the count, took several steps forward and stood quite close to him, his features expressing extreme astonishment, even incredulity. The count met the glance quite unmoved.

"You say that you did not confide to me jewels and [illegible] for [illegible] my valuable jewels at [illegible]"

"You have them now."

Renaud's voice trembled with amazement; his eagle gaze was fixed on the count's impassive features; the intensity of his emotions thrilled his listeners. Adrienne rose, and leaning on the duchess, with hands clasped in mute agony, watched the two figures, one on fire with long-suppressed, outraged feelings, the other cold and indifferent as a marble statue.

"Yes; all of them—all of them!"

"Then you recovered them in some way——"

"I tell you—no!"

"They were brought to you, then!"

"Never! I tell you, never! They have never been out of my possession!"

Renaud rose to his full height, and, leaning forward, locked full at the count's restless eyes. His voice rolled out in thunder tones, his gestures were as menacing as his emphatic denunciation was threatening.

"And I tell *you*, that if these jewels and papers were never brought to you—never bought by you from a stranger—that you—*you* took them from the keeping of my murdered Madeleine! Yes—yes, I see it all!! Look, colonel, Adrienne, O'Rourke—do you not see what I do? There stands the murderer of my wife! The man who is killing my child! The man who, for twelve long years, has condemned me to the torments of the damned! Yes, shrink away, but you shall not escape me again! I tell you, that you are not the Count de Mornasse! You are a murderer—a mean, cowardly wretch, who could murder an innocent, helpless woman, and force from her lips a false charge! Yes, who but you made my dying wife speak the words that condemned me: *'I am with your father.'*"

A shriek from Adrienne for a second stopped the torrent of words! but the count's features had contracted as if with a spasm of agony, and he shrank behind the duke and put his hand over his face.

Jean Renaud sprang forward, panting, gasping, dragging his chain like some great wild beast that has broken from his keeper.

"You have destroyed my wife, ruined my career, blasted my home! You have so far escaped! You have put me out of the pale of society! reduced me to the lowest depths of infamy! See this livery—it is *you* should wear it! this chain—it is *you* should drag it! I tell you, if I could not have law then, I will have justice now; and, if that is denied me, then let me have—revenge!"

He would have sprung like a tiger on the trembling count, but O'Rourke, who had watched every motion, caught him around the waist and held him back. Adrienne, with a faint cry, threw herself on his breast.

The duchess could not speak, but the duke looked from his guest to the soldier, as if demanding some explanation of this remarkable scene.

The count struggled successfully against one of his nervous attacks, and pressing his laced handkerchief to his heated face, he smiled faintly and bowed to the duchess.

"Excuse me for thus giving way to my fears, but really the man frightens me. Do you think it quite safe to allow a madman such liberty? Your lives are really in danger."

"Madman!" cried Adrienne, starting from her father's arms and confronting the count. "Why do you say that?"

"Because, Mademoiselle Renaud, only a madman or a fool makes charges that he cannot prove."

Adrienne's arms fell to her sides. She turned to her father with a piteous, tearless cry.

Renaud stood motionless, like a man stunned by an unexpected blow. His eyes were fixed on the ground, but he raised them as Adrienne's voice fell on his ears. Then he took her in his arms, and looked in her face, very much as he had done years before, in hopeless, voiceless agony.

"He is right, my child. I have no proofs." His voice faltered. "It is all over."

"Not yet!" replied a clear, firm voice, and Valentine, entered from Adrienne's rooms, followed by the chanoinesse, Raoul, and Henri.

All eyes were turned upon her as she advanced, calm, self-possessed, her dark eyes shining with intense brilliancy, conscious power showing in every gesture. She stopped, and her face softened into a smile as Adrienne turned to her with imploring eyes, unable to express her delight at seeing her. Valentine bent over her:

"Courage," she whispered; "leave the rest to us."

"What are you doing here?" demanded the enraged count, recovering his voice. "I told you expressly to keep away from this house!"

"And I asked you to leave France!" said Valentine, with a perceptible shudder as he put his hand on her shoulder.

"I told you that I would not. Now, obey me. Go to your own home. Go, I say!"

Valentine disengaged her arm with a rapid motion, speaking softly, with her eyes fixed on his:

"I gave you the opportunity; you refused to profit by it. Now, it is too late!"

"Will you go away?" he asked, threateningly.

"By what authority do you command this child?" asked the chanoinesse, coming between him and Valentine, and speaking very quietly.

"By what authority? I am her father!"

"You! Her father?"

The chanoinesse looked at the count from head to foot with an expression of mingled surprise and contempt. He bowed slightly.

"Yes, her father. I am the Count de Mornasse."

The duke would have spoken, but the chanoinesse prevented him by a quick gesture. The circle narrowed around her and the count, Adrienne leaning on her father's arm, the duchess holding Valentine's hand, O'Rourke intent on each speaker in turn, and the young men on the alert awaiting events.

"You say you are the Count de Mornasse. Well, as I have taken care of Valentine de Mornasse for many years, I claim the right of asking you a few questions so as to satisfy myself of your identity before surrendering my charge. Duke, I submit it to you, whether this is not a fair demand."

"Certainly, madame, the count cannot object to an action which does credit to your prudence and zeal in behalf of Mademoiselle Valentine."

"Of couse, any information you desire that I can supply is at your service," said the count, looking uneasily from the chanoinesse to Valentine's earnest face.

Then, sir, look at me and tell me if you ever saw me until now."

"Never, madame," replied the count, glancing curiously at the chanoinesse. "That is, not to my recollection. You must do me the justice to remember that I have been for years an exile, and people change as time passes."

"Quite true. At what school did you say your daughter was placed?"

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As is invariable custom in all newspaper offices, subscription year is reckoned as FIFTY-TWO WEEKS.

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THE New Hampshire Republican politicians are reported to be solid for GRANT.

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THE yellow fever has scared New Orleans into considering a sewer system that will cost $1,500,000.

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THE New York *Times* favors the election of women to Boards having charge of the management of schools.

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A FRANK South Carolian confesses that the present Legislature is as big a set of thieves as any composed of Carpet-Baggers could be.

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PITTSBURG *Gazette*: Put away the little barrel which our Sammy used to tap. He will need it on earth never. He has just heard something "dran."

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DETROIT *Free Press*: A Detroit man was astonished the other day to find the telephone could talk French. He said he always thought it was an English invention.

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THIS year there were not so many Greenback votes in the great States of Ohio, New York and Pennsylvania altogether, as there were in Ohio alone last year.

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IT is noticeable that very mean men are invariably elected whenever in the South "the revival of the fearful race issue" is prevented by keeping the negro away from the polls.

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IF CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS could be induced to come out West a few days the conclusion of this rain storm, it might be considerable assistance to Nature in bringing about the desired freeze-up.

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THE New York *Tribune* observes that if Mr. TILDEN decides to remove his alleged "corpse" from the field, a combination of POTTER and MCDONALD would not be entirely improbable.

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THE Cleveland *Leader* has information that Col. JOHN HAY has been tendered the position of First Assistant Secretary of State, vice Mr. FREDERICK SEWARD who retains that he may take better care of a sick wife.

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A CORRESPONDENT of the *Graphic* makes this suggestion for an inscription on the Emma monument to ADAM:

Dear Adam, thou hast left us,
We deeply feel the loss;
Of all the world's fair animals
The earliest and the best,
Come to meet thy Maker,
Adam, rest.

---

BRIGHT hopes were held out to English miners of profitable employment in New South Wales, and during the great strike in Durham many emigrated thither. It seems, however, that they were grossly deceived, and the report to-day is that they are returning in numbers to England.

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TILDEN is an adept in getting away with witnesses. Neither the broker who operated for him during the days of the income tax, nor his books can be produced, but if either were it could be shown that in one year, when TILDEN returned an income of $17,000, he really made over $300,000.

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THERE is a little boom going on in Delaware and Eastern Pennsylvania which is quite as dispiriting to Mister TILDEN as the bigger boom in Chicago for U. S. GRANT. Sen. BAYARD has returned from his European tour, and the Pennsylvania and Delaware Democrats are uniting to give him such an ovation as few Democrats have had of late years. The Senator is a free talker, however, he has the most inconvenient burden for a Democratic politician: ideas and principles, and he wants to express himself. This will probably be the death of him. He likes to say sharp things against the Greenback idiocy, and those will be treasured up against him.

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"BOSS" SCHELL, who died in New York city on Monday was for a long time one of the best known of the Democratic leaders of that State. He belonged to the aristocratic "swallow tail" crowd along with Assessor BALDWIN. He was of German descent, 68 years old, a stock broker by profession, and quite a daring operator on Wall street, but failed in 1873 for a larger amount. He was once elected to the State Senate, and in 1874 to Congress. He was spoken of as the nominee of the Greenbackers for President, but PETER COOPER received that thoroughly vacuous honor. He died from a combination of long standing disease, and his end was doubtless hastened by the excitement attending the recent election.

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THE Tammanyites mean to gather such fruits of the Republican victory as they can. Their first move will be an attempt to impeach Mayor COOPER, and the threat of that now makes the official head of New York City very uncomfortable.

## THE PENNSYLVANIA ELECTION.

The election in Pennsylvania had several features worth studying. In the first place, though it was a very quiet affair, and no State officer except a Treasurer was to be elected, a tremendously large vote was polled, and the Republican majority—which is now swelling up towards 70,000—is the largest ever cast in the State, except that given for GRANT in 1872, which was just 70,000. This result is directly attributable to the waking up of the Republicans to the danger menacing the country from the course of the Rebel Brigadiers. There was nothing else to bring the Republican vote out. It did not require the rallying of a host of politicians, with selfish interests, for an impetus; the people came out in performance of what they each considered to be their duty; that is, to rebuke with their votes the conduct of those who have strangled personal liberty in the South, and would also strangle it in the North. But, while this was the great, overshadowing issue, there were some minor ones, of importance, worth noting. The Democratic councils were rent with a conflict between the Tilden and anti Tilden wings. The former of these is headed by Speaker RANDALL; the latter by Sen. WALLACE The Tilden Wing secured the nomination of their man—a Mr. BARR—for Treasurer. BARR prosecuted the TILDEN plan of a campaign—a still hunt—with much skill and energy. He made one grand mistake, however. He is a Catholic and counted much on getting the vote of that church cast solidly for him, and to this end sent large quantities of secret circulars to influential Catholics all over the State, appealing to them to make extra efforts for him on account of his religion. With all his care in sending these they fell into other than Catholic hands, and were used against him, especially in Western Pennsylvania, where they did him considerable damage.

## ROMANTIC LIFE OF MRS. EATON.

Very quietly passed away in New York last Saturday a woman, whose name in the days of ANDREW JACKSON was better known than that of any other in the United States. Not only in her early days was she celebrated for her beauty, but a keen intellect gave her power to control for a time political movements that shaped history. Through her influence, events came about which in the end made VAN BUREN President, and JOHN C. CALHOUN was prevented from reaching the summit of his ambition, the White House.

Mrs. EATON was the daughter of an innkeeper in Washington, and it was in the sunny days of her childhood that the pretty and pleasing girl won the warm affection that lasted a life time, of ANDREW JACKSON, then a guest in her father's house. Married when very young to a navy paymaster named TIMBERLAKE, her conduct was not such as to satisfy the gossips, and scandal became busy with her name. Not even the starch friendship of JACKSON himself, who stood by her through good and ill report, could keep tongues from wagging, and whether she was guilty only of petty coquetries or worse, the end was that TIMBERLAKE put himself out of existence.

Brilliant and beautiful the young widow entered Washington society again, or that portion of it that JACKSON's influence could persuade into receiving her, and after a brief time she married Gen. JOHN H. EATON, who was a devoted admirer of old Hickory, and finally became Secretary of War. Then came the clash of arms, for the patrician women, wives of other members of the Cabinet, would have nothing to do with Mrs. EATON until VAN BUREN the prim, staid, eminently proper Secretary of State, persuaded by her uncompromising advocate, the President, paid her marked attention at a public entertainment, and henceforth her social position was assured. It had been a hard struggle but victory crowned the banners of beauty, as it generally does.

People familiar with the political events of those days will recall vividly the quarrel of JACKSON and CALHOUN, who had been the warmest friends, but became the bitterest of enemies. It is supposed that Mrs. EATON had much to do with shaping JACKSON's administration, and there is little doubt but that she must have desired the downfall of CALHOUN. Since it was the Southern clique which was most bitterly opposed to her admission into Washington society. Whether this was so or not, it is certain the struggle over her social status caused the dissensions and ill feeling in the Cabinet, that finally resulted in its breaking up, and in the end in the loss of CALHOUN's chance for the Presidency. Gen. EATON himself lost his position, but was made Governor of Florida and afterwards Minister to Spain. His wife was well received in the latter country, and shone with a good deal of brilliancy in the Spanish Court.

Whatever may be the truth or falsity of the charges against Mrs. EATON, she was made the victim of a persecution as bitter and cruel while it lasted as was ever carried on against a human being, and there is no doubt but that much of the virulence was due to the political jealousies and animosities of the time. The chivalrous defense of her character by the President gave his enemies a chance against him which they were not slow to use. To defeat him in this was to gain a success in other matters, and hence the war was carried on with an acrimony that, without looking beneath the surface, seems entirely incommensurate with the occasion.

The latter part of Mrs. EATON's life was not happy. After her husband died, left with a handsome fortune, she devoted herself to the education of her two daughters, who both married unhappily. Their children became her charge, and the end of her life might have been a pleasant one had she not, with the strange fatality that sometimes comes over the wisest and most brilliant of women, fallen in love with, when over 60, and married an Italian dancing master, who ended by running away with her money and one of her grand-daughters, leaving her alone and in poverty in her old age. She had, however, lived down whatever faults or follies she may have committed in her youth, and the announcement of her death only brings the story before the country again, as a matter with which its political history is connected.

## GOOD ADVICE.

The Atlanta *Constitution* never uttered words containing so much wisdom as is found in the following paragraph:

Our advice to the people of the South is that they turn their attention away from politics and towards the practical problem of development. * * * We have every advantage that nature can give, and we have but fairly started in the great work that is laid out for our hands to do. Let us then engage in the task of Georgia's development. Let us delve in the mines, plow and sow in our fields, build up our Cities, make factories in which to spin and weave our products, encourage immigrants to come and make their homes with us. Let us do these things, and then fanaticism and prejudice shall not prevail against us. The utmost reach of hostility, the last audacity of sectional bitterness can not interfere with us in this great work. The election of a dozen Presidents can not displace one brick in the humbless of her factories or roll one field of its fleecy harvest.

These expressions were probably called forth by the feelings of despair that followed the elections in the North this Fall. They showed so conclusively the determination and strength of the Republican party, and its undying opposition to the doctrine of States rights as to discourage all farther agitation of the subject. Well would it have been for the "solid South" had the advice been given long ago and followed. Its present embarrassments would not have arisen; with the development of its rich lands now lying idle or poorly cultivated; the building of manufactories giving employment to their own people and inviting thither an industrial population; the opening and supporting of good common schools, which would effectually do away with the class more contemptuously denominated "poor whites," who are more ignorant, degraded and miserable than the poorest of the poor in our Northern Cities, then indeed would an era of prosperity dawn upon the Southern States the like of which they had not dreamed.

The contrary of this has been true. Few great enterprises have been undertaken. Immigrants from the North have been ostracised and finally driven away. A reign of terror has been kept up to intimidate the blacks and those who desired to exercise political freedom. Deeds of violence have been smiled upon if the victims were hated Republicans or of Northern birth. The course of the law has been interfered with, murderers shielded, political adversaries hunted down with shot-guns, honest debts repudiated, in short everything that could hinder development or promote the financial interests of the country.

Whether the *Constitution's* words were dictated by despairing hatred of the North and political discouragements or otherwise, the South will do well to heed and not act upon them. In following out that line of action lies the only hope for the happy future of the "solid South."

## FATHER SCULLY AND THE SCHOOLS.

Trouble of a serious character has arisen in Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, in the Roman Catholic Parish of St. Marys in regard to the school question. It seems that some five years ago, a parochial school was opened by Father SCULLY, who immediately gave orders to his parishioners to withdraw their children from the public schools and send them there, and the order still holds good. To this some of them object for different reasons, but all urged with more or less earnestness. Some felt that they cannot afford the expense when there are free institutions established and supported at the general expense for the education of all of the children in the community. Others urge that the advantages of the parochial school are far inferior to those afforded in the public schools, that the teachers are young girls who have only a knowledge of the elementary branches and that a very superficial one. The progress is consequently slow and unsatisfactory, and adding to the inferior teaching the entire lack of discipline, and it is little wonder that the most intelligent among Catholic parents—and it is from this class that the objections come—should resist the *fiat* of the priest in regard to the matter. Without openly disobeying, for this they dare not do, as to true Catholics a denial of the offices of the church is something terrible, great dissatisfaction is felt, and expressed to such a degree as to arouse the sympathy of the remainder of the people in the community, and cause the matter to be taken up for general discussion.

No one can deny the absolute right of Father SCULLY to establish his parochial school. The wisdom of his course in compelling attendance is another thing. Without considering the affair with reference to its effect upon the individuals of St. Mary's Parish alone, however, it becomes of general interest, because of the principle involved, and serious, inasmuch as it has an influence upon the future of citizens of this Republic. The spirit of Father SCULLY's order, which was approved by the Archbishop of the diocese is entirely dissonant with that of Republican institutions, and illy accords with the independence imbibed with the very air breathed by the children of the United States. To compel any given line of conduct may be possible with the ignorant, but the intelligent will soon rebel openly, or if they do not a sullen acquiescence, which is always dangerous, will be the result.

It is impossible for the Catholics to break down the public schools or do away with their influences. They are established upon too firm a basis, and are too closely interwoven with the prosperity of the country for such a thing to be possible. They will continue to be supported by public revenue and will after superior advantages freely to all, and the majority of people, Catholics as well as Protestants, will desire to avail themselves of them. To persist in carrying out such a course as this of Father SCULLY's will simply open a breach hard to be bridged over, whose evil consequences can hardly be measured, but they will chiefly be visited upon the Catholics themselves. Concerning this the Boston *Advertiser* says:

> When the Roman Church, or any other, regulates this institution of freedom, and compels its members, under the pains and penalties of priestly anathema, to stand apart from the rest of the community, it will open a breach which every wise citizen must regard as most unfortunate for the public welfare, although the evil effects will fall chiefly upon those who are responsible. If it should come to be believed that the authority of Rome is actively exerted here to control in temporal affairs the consciences of those who acknowledge the Pope's spiritual supremacy, to prevent freedom of judgment and action and to instigate hostility to the institutions upon which our progress in enlightenment and liberty and our independence as a nation depend, no one need be surprised to find that the Church is regarded with [illegible] suspicion. The same priestly [illegible] presumes to dictate and enforce [illegible] ation by excommunication, denial of absolution and every religious terror, regarding the schools where parents shall send their children, will not be likely to refrain from dictating how its members shall vote, or what policy its members who hold office shall support. Men whose consciences are to this extent subject to the will of other men can not be safely intrusted with guardianship of the interests of a free people.

It is impossible to believe that the majority of the educated, intelligent, thinking Catholics of this country can approve of the step of Father SCULLY. They know and appreciate the fact that the world moves, that the tendency of the age is towards freedom of thought and action and to fight against this tendency is in the end to insure defeat.

## A SOCIAL SYNDICATE.

Some recent research in the office of the Commissioner of Pensions at Washington reveals a significant and terrible fact. In the alphabetical index of the office containing the names of those who are applicants for arrears of pension under the late law, *seventy pages* are devoted wholly and exclusively to the name of SMITH. Seventy pages, with an average of at least 100 names to the page. Seven thousand SMITHS. In the department of regular applications for pensions under the prior system it is safe to say at least 7,000 more are registered. Fourteen thousand SMITHS. In the department of claims (North and South) it is estimated that fully as many of the name are enrolled as in all branches of the pension office. Total thus far 28,000 SMITHS. And so the calculation might be continued through all the ramifications of the Government.

There are few persons who will fail to see, when it is properly pointed out to them, the danger which threatens our social fabric from this peculiar and dangerous combination of a clan. There can be no reasonable doubt that a deep-laid, two-fold purpose inspires the family of SMITHS in the United States: first, to obtain possession of all the money upon which they can possibly lay their hands; and second, to establish with the aid of the means thus secured an aristocracy of SMITHS from which all ordinary mortals, not connected by either blood or marriage, are to be rigidly excluded. The power wielded by such an organization can be vaguely imagined, but it can never be realized. All the people of the United States would [illegible] be divided into two classes, the SMITHS and the non-SMITHS. Within the former, there might be a thousand grades and classifications, but to the outer world there could be but one. The non-SMITHS, sinking gradually under the relentless, systematically organized domination of the SMITHS, in less than a generation would fall into a serfdom in comparison with which the darkest days of African slavery would be liberty [illegible]. Suppose that the SMITHS [illegible] height of their power, should decree that only [illegible] goods manufactured at the SMITH [illegible] should be fashionable? [illegible] come of the yield of [illegible] Suppose that the SMITHS [illegible] themselves that [illegible] cent in 30 days [illegible] into the [illegible] with strange [illegible] made a [illegible] ugly? The [illegible] "Black Friday" which [illegible] ten-fold worse than [illegible] September 20, 1868. Or, imagine that the SMITH family, in council assembled, should solemnly decide that the next President should be a SMITH, and that hereafter only a SMITH [illegible] should [illegible] my chair? Where, then, [illegible] the boasted liberty with which [illegible] wont to regale ourselves on [illegible] dence Day? Such tyranny [illegible] be ended by a civil war [illegible] tion should arise as to [illegible] the very name of SMITH [illegible]

All these evils are possible [illegible] it is not too much to believe that they are not probable. And yet it is only justice to acknowledge that the SMITHS as a family have had grave provocation. For more than a century they have been the unresisting victims of a series of jokes whose age was only exceeded by their stupidity, and whose dreary ghosts, refusing to be laid, haunted with vapid persistency the humorous columns of the country press. Small wonder, then, if the much aggrieved, long-suffering SMITHS should rise in their might, and pull down the pillars of our entire social fabric, even though they perished themselves in the ruins.

## THE HAYDEN TRIAL.

It is possible that the long drawn out scientific investigation at the HAYDEN trial in Connecticut may result in throwing some light upon the murder of MARY STANNARD but thus far it does not seem to have had much influence either one way or the other. The evidence adduced against Mr. HAYDEN, the accused, is not strong as yet, but it may be that when the end draws near the aspect of things will be changed.

The BLADE cannot but hope that the guilt will be found to rest elsewhere. That a clergyman, one who has the position of teacher before the public, not alone of morality but of the religion for the Savior whose underlying principle is regard for the rights of others, should not have only committed the first sin, but endeavored to cover it up by committing a murder, seems too horrible to be possible. Not that ministers have not the same temptations and passions as other men, but when they enter into their profession, they tacitly promise to set an example of self control and purity that must influence those who look to them for help and encouragement in right doing. The fall of such will produce an evil effect upon a community whose extent can hardly be measured. Even those who are professedly irreligious, yet look to a clergyman to carry out their ideas of what a man ought to be in his moral life, and feel one more blow struck at what confidence in human nature they possess, when he makes so terrible a failure.

Whether Mr. HAYDEN is proved guilty or not, everybody must admire the heroism of the wife, who, through all of this fearful time, maintains her position by her husband with a steadfast faith in his innocence that must be an inexpressible comfort to him if unjustly accused, and certainly leads people to desire to look upon the brightest side of the case. The confidence that she shows in him must have its influence upon others, and whatever may be the end, Mrs. HAYDEN will continue to receive the admiring sympathy of people everywhere in her almost intolerable anxiety and suspense.

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JOHN KELLY is carefully measuring Sen. BAYARD, to see if he will do for the leader of the opposition to TILDEN.

For the BLADE.

## AT THE FONT.

BY WM. H. MAHER.

"I baptize thee," said the preacher,
And his heart went out to reach her,
And myriad hosts of angels filled the air above her head,
"I baptize thee," said the preacher,
O, heavenly Master, teach her
Thou hast love for all the living, and mercy for the dead.

"In the name of God the Father,"
O, may her choice be rather
To be handmaid at thy table, than be queen where thou art not!
And in thy name, dear Jesus!
May thy tender care be near us,
And thy love be always with her, whatever be her lot.

"In the name of Son and Spirit,"
O, take her heart and fill it
With sweetest Christian graces—Mercy, Hope and Love:—
She is thine, O, Father, take her,
For thy gracious love can make her
And her life a sweet oblation, one to fit her for above.

Sunday, Nov. 2, 1879.

## "TRANSFIGURED."

### The Death of "Old Zach."

Lamars (Ia.) Sentinel (Stalwart).

Old Zach is dead,—
Zach Chandler, the Stalwart Senator from Michigan.
He died in harness, leading the hosts to battle, with the clash and clangor of arms ringing in his ears.
It was a glorious death, befitting a hero.
He died on Friday,—the day Christ said, It is finished.
Among the civic heroes in this age of heroes, Zach was a giant.
He had the head of a pioneer,
The hand and grip of a grizzly bear,
And the heart of a Yankee girl.
He was an American knight-errant; and, wherever there was a wrong to be righted,
There was Old Zach,
Fighting with sublime heroism.
His armor was always on, always bright, and he ever worked in the field of battle.
He worked like a Titan all his life—now laying a granite block in the foundation of our national structure, and now hurling bowlders at the enemies of our National life.
It is brave and glorious to fight Treason on the tented field; but, alas!
How many have sought to save the Nation's honor at the cannon's mouth.
Who have faltered in the forum.
Men who could brave the rattling can [illegible] glittering steel,
Would wilt before a smile or a sophism in the carpeted halls of the Legislature.
Not so with Old Zach.
He ferreted out Treason in the brilliant salons of the Capital or the corridors of the Capitol, and dared to unveil that Treason from his vantage-ground in the Senate.
There were no honeyed words in Old Zach;
He called a spade a spade.
He lived grandly, and died sublimely—Sublimely for a plain American citizen in this prosaic 19th century.
He had been up in Wisconsin trampling Treason out of the Badger State Democracy, and was down to Chicago last Friday.
And that night the great, throbbing City, with drum and trumpet, and willing ear, marched and listened to the
Colossal Michigander,
As he again unmasked Southern perfidy and hurled giant arguments at inspired Treason.
He went to bed that night in the Grand Pacific with the huzzas of a great [illegible] his ear,
And the consciousness of a duty discharged warming his heart.
And the Lord swept down [illegible] the Great White Throne.
And summoned his bold, bright, pure spirit to
The Pantheon of the Immortals
Fare thee well, Old Zach! All the world may, but the *Sentinel* will not, for [illegible] get thy instructions.

## OKOLONA.

### A Yarn as to "The Utes of Yankeeland," and a Characterization of [illegible]

[illegible] iss.) Southern States (Dem.)

[illegible]S OF YANKEELAND—THEY HAD BETTER GET UP AND GET OUT OF THE UNION.

The Utes of Yankeeland are preparing for another sanguinary skylark,
They assert that this alleged Union—
This little old resell partnership of a Republic—
Is a Nation,
With an
N
That straddles the Continent.
And they propose to shoot and stab the life out of State Sovereignty, at whatever cost of men, money and munitions
IF THEY CAN.
This is the sole, whole, and only meaning of the Grant boom gibberish.
But we have never a fear in regard to the result.
It won't be a war of sections;
It WILL be a war of parties;
And Uteland will be the battle fields.
Her Cities, Towns, hamlets, and farmsteads will be given to the glory of the flames;
NOT OURS.
HER fair fields will be trampled by hoof and heel;
NOT OURS.
And, while her people are being brought to rags and starvation by
Knife,
Shot, and
Match,
OURS will wax rich and mighty as of old.
So,
If they want a Nation with a big N, they had better get up and get out of the Union,
Establish an Empire,
Make Grant their Grand Mogul,
And thus secure the Master for which their servile spirits hanker and pant.
The blood of helots and lickspittles cavorts through their veins, and they ought to have an owner who would cuff and kick them to their heart's content.
But we are freemen;
We acknowledge no Boss this side the bars of Heaven;
We look up to no superior of mortal mold.
We want a Free Government—a Government of the White People, by the White People, and for the White People of our Sovereign States;
And we propose to have it, or we will make a record that will run shuddering through the centuries.

### A SPECIMEN BRICK.

Foolish eulogies of the Lost Cause by leading men must cease.
Hair-splitting theories and assertions about State Rights and the National authority must cease from Southern leaders.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*
Who is he that assumes this autocratic tone, and tells our party
What it must do,
And what it must not do?
Who is he?—we say.
Is he a Democrat?
Is he one who has borne the heat and burden of the day in behalf of our plans and principles?
Not one bit or whit of it, fellow-citizens.
His name is Jo Pulitzer.
And who is Jo Pulitzer?
Well! he is a waif and stray from the ranks of Radicalism.
He is one of the gang who came tagging into our camp at the tail of Greeley in '72; and he has been contributing his uncalled for advice from that hour to this.
He doesn't understand the A B C of Democracy;
There isn't a drop of Jeffersonian blood in his veins—not a solitary drop;
The prime part of his life was consecrated to the service of the jobbernowls and traitors who sought, and are still seeking, the destruction of our doctrines.
He is the sworn and furious foe of
State Sovereignty,
Of the Right of Secession,
Of the Right of Nullification,
Of White Supremacy,
Of the old Constitution,
Of the Planter-Republic,
Of every
Plank,
Nail,
Splinter, and
Prop
of our platform, barring a few questions that have sprung out of the very
Usurpations,
Crimes, and
Treasons
of the party in power which he handclapped with
A whoop, and
A hip-hip, and
A whooray, boys!
and which he applauds and indorses today as the sum total of human progress and heavenly wisdom.
But Joe Pulitzer and his crowd will learn—if they are capable of learning anything—that the Democratic party is not receiving orders from Republicans who declare that they have been converted to our faith, and who simultaneously seek to upset our altars and shatter our shrines.
A Democratic triumph in 1880 would turn to ashes on our lips like the fabled apples of the Dead Sea, unless it resulted in the
Recognition,
Vindication, and
Victory
of the doctrines of Jefferson and Jefferson Davis.
If Joe Pulitzer is tired of "eulogies" of the Lost Cause, and theories and assertions about State Rights," it is a sure sign that he is in the wrong party; and the sooner he packs his carpet-bag and ambles back to the Radical camp, the sooner will he find himself in congenial company.

## TALKS WITH GRANT.

### His Income—His Galena House—His St. Louis Farm.

Burlington, Ia., Special to Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Just after lunch your correspondent found Gen. Grant, for a wonder, sitting by himself, and imaging that he looked in a good humor, approached him with the request that he would talk about his home in Galena.

"Well, that is a harmless topic, certainly; what can I tell you?" he answered.

"How much have you ever lived in Galena, General?" asked your correspondent.

"Not very much. I was there in 1861 11 months, in 1865 a few months, and in 1868 a few weeks, and I don't think I have been there for more than a day or two at a time since, and then I stopped with friends, although my house is always there furnished and ready for me, a family who lives in the back part taking care of it."

"Will you meet any old friends and acquaintances of yours in Galena now?"

"No, not over a half dozen whom I used to know."

"Then Galena has changed more than any other town in the United States, I presume?"

"From the richest and most prosperous Town of its size in the West to about the poorest. It used to be the shipping point for all the lead mines in that region; but a railroad was built near there—first from Chicago, then one from Southern Wisconsin, and they kept coming into that section every time cutting off some of Galena's territory, until its population has been reduced from 12 000 to 6 000 inhabitants, and from a flourishing Town to a slow Town supported by a farming country."

"Won't it be hard, General, for you to content yourself here?"

"No, I think not. When I was in Japan I went up in the mountains and staid 10 days almost alone. It was a novel experience for me, but I enjoyed it. I shall not be able to do much more than call Galena my home after a while. It is a good place to live now, as on my income I can live there much cheaper than in a large City, and live better than most of my neighbors then. My income is not large enough for me to live as I would like, and I will have to find something to do after a while. I have.

TWO [illegible]

near St. Louis, [illegible] real estate in Chicago, which if I [illegible] sell I would feel better off. My land in Chicago is 31 acres, just outside the western limits of Chicago. Eleven years ago I was offered $1,500 an acre for it, and now, after paying taxes on it all that time, I couldn't get $250 an acre for it. But I did better in some other investments, or I could never have traveled abroad as long as I have. I had stock in the Adams Express Company which went up and I bought right after the fire in Virginia City, Nev., Union and C. and C. stock, when it had gone down from $700 a share to $130, and made $50 000 or $60 000 there.

"Does Mrs. Grant like to live in Galena?"

"Oh, yes, Galena is a good town, with good schools and churches."

"Do you always attend the Methodist Church, General?"

"Yes; my father and mother were both Methodists, and I have always preferred that church."

### THE SUBJECT OF THE TARIFF

coming up in conversation, the General was expressing his views very freely, and speaking of the necessity of looking to new means of raising revenue since we were beginning to export iron, when some Governor or General, who are thick as blackberries now about him, interrupted, and your correspondent was compelled reluctantly to retire.

### PRESIDENTIAL TALK.

Meeting the General with Mrs. Judge Cole, who had left the dinner table earlier than the rest of the party, in the conversation which commenced about a gentleman in Omaha, and continued until some of the pleasant things which Hendricks had said about Gen. Grant were referred to, the General was asked if he thought Hendricks was friendly to him, and replied with some annoyance:

"Oh, I can't say, I am sure, whether he is friendly or not; I always treated him, as other Democrats, right, and he as well as Niblack always came to see me when they were in Washington. The last time Niblack was at the White House was nearly a year before the election of 1876, and he came in asking, 'How is the next election going?' and I told him Republican, because, while I didn't always have confidence in the good management of the Republican leaders, I knew the capacity of the Democrats for blunders could not fail, and Niblack found out afterward that I was right."

He was asked by your correspondent whether he considered the chances for Republican success next year as good now as they were when he had this conversation with Niblack, and replied

"Well, if they ain't, we will be beaten for these fellows in the South will see to it that the Republicans don't carry Louisiana, Mississippi, or any Southern State," he replied; and then continuing: "We will have a solid South, but the chances in the North are very much better, I think, than then. We need to carry only two of the Northern States which we lost last year, or New York alone."

### CONCERNING CHANDLER.

"I have been reading to-day what the papers say of Chandler's death," the General continued, when some mention had been made of Chandler, "and I see it amounts almost to a universal expression of sorrow. I will be curious to see what the Southern papers say. Some of them will be cautious, but papers like that one in Okolona (what is its name?) will say what they think. I am sorry people think down there as they do, but as long as they do I am glad there are papers like that one to tell us of it."

### Peculiarity of Indian Warfare.

Burlington Hawkeye.

Peace appears to be restored in Colorado just as often as the Indians can catch a soldier out alone. But the soldier is never restored.

## A RIGHT UP-AND-DOWN WOMAN.

### She Had Decided Opinions and Expressed Them.

Detroit Free Press.

For once in the history of the Union Depot its roof has sheltered a woman who knew just where she wanted to go, the train she was to take, the hour for departure, the fare, and the time of arrival. She appeared to be about 45 years of age, and she had flat feet, a peaked nose, and a voice which didn't admit of any argument. No notice might have been taken of her among the scores of others had she not inquired the way to the waiting room and added, "Thank ye, though it's your business to answer all questions! That's all I want to ask of you, and you can continue your promenade!"

"Going out on the train?" queried the officer.

"Would I lug a big carpet-bag down here and stand around in the cold if I wasn't?" she sharply answered.

"Going South, I s'pose?" he queried, as she moved away.

"'Spose away, then!" she snapped, as she lifted her satchel. Entering the ladies' waiting room, she found the seats all taken. A portly man, reading a paper and taking a heap of comfort, occupied one of the seats, and, halting before him, she dropped her satchel with an awful thud, and said—

"Now you git right outer there! This place is for ladies and you are a great, big, fat man and orter be ashamed of yourself for crowding in among us!"

"I- ah—ah—I" he began, when she interrupted—

"Then stand up! My legs are tired walking down here, and I'm not going to stand around while you sit down!"

"Certainly—allow me—ah—yes!" he stammered, as he rose up and gave her the seat.

"That's more man like," she growled, as she settled down, "but it seems to me that if I was you I'd feel sort o' sneaking in here! The more I see of fat men, the worse I hate 'em."

The fat man had a wife and two children in there, but he wasn't a minute getting through the door. For the next 15 minutes the old lady sat very erect and stared around her, and then she started out to get her ticket, lugging her satchel on her lap. A bootblack espied her and called out:—

"Shell I carry yer baggage wagon, Aunt Sary?"

"Boy!" she replied, as she dropped the satchel and reached for his collar, "I hayen't got any baggage wagon, and in the next, I'm not Aunt Sary to anybody! If you want your heel jerked over the roof of this depot you just give me the least of bit sass!"

"Scuse me, but dont't pinch so hard," said the boy, and he squirmed out of her clutch and retreated a safe distance to look at her and rejoice that he was not her son.

She walked up to the ticket window, put down a lot of silver, and said—

"I want a ticket to Jackson, and I don't am going, how long I want to stay, and who I'm going to see."

Her ticket was handed her without a word, and as she passed on to the gate she said to the official there—

"Tend right to your business! There's no occasion for your a king where I'm going or if I've got a ticket!"

"Pass on, madam," he replied.

"Don't try to flatter me!" she called back.

Your busines is to see that passengers git on the right train, and the less you mar am around the better it will be for you!"

### Sentimentally Drunk.

Providence Journal.

The lights were out, the streets were still, and all other presences were silent in the presence of the peaceful night. And at this time the soft but slightly unsteady tread of a man was heard approaching the station. He took a chair near the door, dangled his legs over the chair's arm, hung his peaked hat on the toe of his boot, and in a low voice addressed the officer: "I was here a year ago and listened to the song of your cricket under the mat there, and I want to hear it again. The cricket comes into my life exactly. He sings and all his green coated comrades sing of the dying summer. There are millions of these little mourners under leaves to night, and they all have one song of pensive sadness. There is a cricket in my heart. There used to be Summer there. I am a sort of an old cricket myself. I crawl into the natural formed grape grottoes on the highway and sing my own sad song there. Speaking of cool, wild graperies reminds me that I am athirst. Say, Sergeant, can't you send a sleuth messenger to the Club of the Purple Cluster and tell the vinous triumvirate that are crowning their chaste and marvelous brows with beautiful chaplets to send me, not an old Roman punch even, nor a Grecian smaranthe julep, but a tod, a mere modern tod. Tell them I am always with them, and I often commune with them promiscuous pilgrimage with the unbottled—pardon me, I mean disembodied—spirits; I see their faces rapt and purpling with the blood of the broken hearted grape of the Garden stream. But say, Sergeant, my blood is turning into the channels of melancholy. This must not be. Here are three coins. I put one into wine and the world flushes up to me; a second coin, and I own that block there, I am Mayor of Pawtucket, 'I walk on thrones,' a third, and I hear rapturous music. I float on fair rivers, my old coat becomes as the garment of a great ruler; I put my warm heart against the cold marble of the world and I warm it with its generous glow. The world is no longer a marble tomb to me. It opens, and enchanting forms come forth and embrace me and bid me go on. The gates of eternity open with a majestic welcome to the man who defies fortune and dares to grandly live it out."

"But those are not coins," said the officer, "they are buttons."

"Well, buttons so let them be—ah! that song again—the song of the cricket. Officer, let me sleep here under the magnetism of the mighty midnight heavens, and let the lady crickets serenade me."

### Cost of the "Know How."

Harper's Magazine for December.

There was much gumption evinced by that particular darky whose master was a surgeon, who had performed on another darky an operation requiring a high degree of skill. This latter darky was well-to-do, and the surgeon charged him $25 for the operation. Meeting the doctor's servant afterward, this dialogue occurred:

"Dat was a mighty steep charge of de doctor's for cutting on me tudder day."

"How much did de boss charge?"

"Well, Julius, he charge me $25."

"Go 'long, niggah, dat ain't much charge."

"Well, he wasn't more dan three or four minutes doin' it, and I tink $5 was all he oughter took."

"Look-a-hesh, Sam; you don't un'stan 'bout dat'ting. You see de boss have to spend a great many year *larnin'* how to use dat knife, an' cost him heaps o' money. Now de fact am dat he only charge you $5 for de operation; de tudder $20 he charge for de *know how*."

That's it—the time and money to learn the *know how*.

### A Connecticut Man's Thrift.

New Haven Palladium.

The story comes from Hartford of a penurious farmer who has had three wives. It is stated that he ordered off his farm a sister of No. 1 because she ate too many eggs. No. 2 had been his servant girl, and refused to stay longer at low wages. On the way to the depot he said: "Will you stay if I will marry you?" "Yes," she answered, and he is said to have chuckled over his cheap bargain, as she was a hard worker. No. 3, who was wooed when No

Pat. Mar. 5, 1878.
Infringements.

## Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once into the waste-basket.

2. Mathematical problems, and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper for the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms, or corporations, doing a general business. The BLADE's endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the question remained unanswered for good and sufficient reason.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books.

F. N. Q., Toledo, O.—Yes.

J. W., Campbell, Ia.: See answer to E. D. A.

J. A. S., Pikeville, Ind.: See answer to E. D. A., Salt Point, N. Y.

M. L. W., Scott Town, O.: Address Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, New York City.

D. B., Kerbyville, Or.: We have not. Write to James Foster, Jr., & Co., Cincinnati, O.

Nelson C., Mt. Morish, Mo.: We know of no denomination called the "Christian Union."

J. A. P., Gaylord, Mich.: Yes. We will mail you a copy of the book on receipt of $3.00, the regular price.

E. L. J., Cedar Rapids, Ioa.: 1. We believe the divorce was granted. 2. Brigham Young had 21 or 22 wives.

J. T. S., Paradise, Nev.: You can probably get what you want by writing to Henry Carey Baird, Philadelphia, Pa.

A. E. N., Clinton, Ioa.: We appreciate your compliment. The Sunday School lesson is a regular feature of the BLADE.

H. D. M., Hopkin's, Mich.: The "Widow Bedott Papers" are published by Albert Mason, New York City. Price about $1.50.

MRS. A. B. Guelph, Kan.: The only wonder in such a case is that any of the words were correct. The writing is simply fearful.

ELLIE E. MILLER, Breckenridge, Mo., would like to have some of the BLADE readers send her the ballad of "Bonaparte's Retreat."

MRS. F. H. H., Kildville, Mo.: We are sorry that we cannot recall the book, but the description you give is so vague that it furnishes no clue.

J. K., Newton, Kans.: It would seem as though you were entitled to $163.13 additional county. Write to T. W. Tallmadge, Washington, D. C.

THOS. S. MASLEY, Judson, Kan., asks: Can any reader of the BLADE give me the postoffice address of Capt. J. D. Gunter, formerly of Co. B, 39th Regt. Ind. Vol. Inft.

C. V. C., Ellettsville, Ind.: We do not know anything about the person named other than is contained in the advertisement, hence we do not undertake to recommend him.

H. A. BROTHERS, Grisman, Ill., wishes to learn the address of either Samuel or William Kirker, formerly of Kentucky. When heard from were boating on the Ohio River.

CLARA C. J., Charleston, Mo., asks: "Can any of the BLADE readers give me information of the present whereabouts of Tobias Gaitherd, a volunteer soldier of the Mexican War?"

A. M. SAWYER, Sligo, Pa., desires the address of any of the officers or privates of Company B, 57th Regt P. V., in the Fall of 1863; also the address of the Surgeon of the regiment at that time.

E. G., Davenport, Ioa.: Address "Home Journal, New York; "Good Company," (formerly "Saturday Afternoon,") Springfield, Mass., "Family Story Paper," 17 Vandewater street, New York.

G. W. HIESTER, Orsana, Ill., wishes to obtain the postoffice address of the regimental surgeon of the 51st O. N. G., who was in charge of the regiment as surgeon in 1864, while it was quartered at Baltimore.

F. D. A., Salt Point, N. Y., asks: "Will you please tell me whether the Denver Land Company is reliable or not?"—We regret to say that we learn quite recently that the Denver Land Company is not reliable.

G. H. N., Toledo, O., asks: "Was Andrew Johnson impeached while President?"—He was. That is to say impeachment proceedings were conducted before the Senate, but failed to receive the votes necessary to convict.

BRIGHT WOLF, Mexico, Mo., asks: "Can any of the readers of the BLADE inform me of the whereabouts of Joseph West, who served in the 10th United States Regulars? When last heard from he was in Georgia, in the Winter of 1869."

J. W. R., Crystal Springs, O., asks: "To settle a dispute will you please publish the majority Brough had over Valandigham for Governor?"—Brough's majority on the home vote was 61,033. On the soldiers' vote, 23,179. Majority on both, 102,692.

C. F., Peantom, Ills.: Probably your best way would be to write to the Commissioner of Patents, Hon. S. A. Bentley, Washington, D. C., and ask him whether your application is on file there, and if so, whether any action has ever been taken regarding it.

THOS. HOVIS, Vineta, Ind. Terry., desires information regarding Col. McClelend, a Topographical Engineer officer who was on Gen. Scott's staff during the war with Mexico, Col. McClelend surveyed the boundary line between Mexico and the United States in 1852.

HENRY BIDWELL, Lafayette, Mo., asks: "Can any reader of the BLADE give me the address of Charles Bidwell. He was last heard of in 1863. He is an Englishman by birth. He is, if now living, about 35 years old, fair complexion, blue eyes. Any information will be gladly received by his brother."

PETER STEMBLETON, Hillsdale, Ind., asks: 1. "Can any of the readers of your valued paper give the address of Dr. Blanchard, 231 Reg. Wis. Vols.? 2. Of Capt. Bonnes, Co. K, 23d Reg. Wis. Vols., or N. B. S. Norman, 1st Lieut, Co. K, 23d Reg. Wis. Vols.? 3. Or any of the privates of said company?

J. E., Claremont, Ills.—The subject of Gen. Rice's connection with the Pension Arrears bill was twice very fully discussed in this department. We cannot furnish back numbers of the Congressional Record, but you can doubtless obtain them by addressing Publisher Congressional Record, Washington, D. C.

C. F., Rock Glen, N. Y.: Successful ventriloquism depends largely on a natural gift, although we believe that nearly all persons can acquire the art under instructions. One or two books are published on the "Art of Ventriloquism," as it is called, but we cannot recommend any of them from personal knowledge.

REV. J. B. G., Spring City, Pa.: We can send you a copy of "Morals of Abou Ben Adhem," one of the most highly humorous and successful of Mr. Nasby's books. The regular price is $1.50. Our price is $1.00, or the book and the BLADE one year, for $2.50. Other books can be had by addressing Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

E. G., Mason City, W. Va.: Robinson Crusoe was written by Daniel De Foe, an English author, born in London in 1661. He wrote about 210 works, of which Robinson Crusoe is probably the most widely known and read. He was remarkable chiefly for the versatility of his mind and the fertility of his invention. De Foe died in 1731.

A. B., Fletcher, Vt., asks: "Can a soldier of the late war who deserted and went to Canada and was pardoned under condition that he should receive no compensation from the United States Government, get a pension? 2. If he is not entitled to a pension, and has procured one through fraud, who is the proper person to address with a remonstrance to revoke said pension certificate?"—1. He is clearly not entitled to any pension. 2. Write to Hon. J. A. Bentley, Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C.

J. F. L., Atlantic, Ia., asks: "If an unmarried lady enter a half-section of land under the homestead and timber-culture laws, can she hold the same after marrying a man who has entered land in the same way, before either of them has proved up on his or her claim?"—We are inclined to the opinion that provided the entries were made in good faith, a subsequent marriage would not invalidate them, if such marriage were contracted while the title was yet unperfected. It would not be a bad plan to submit a hypothetical case to the Land Commissioner at Washington.

W. E. B., Center Valley, Ind., asks: "Was it right to pay soldiers who enlisted before the passage of the legal-tender act (coin being the only legal-tender money), in money of less value than that recognized by the Government when they enlisted?"—This is a very fine point, and one capable of argument. Abstractly, it may not have been strictly right, but practically it was a measure whose justice was determined by the necessities of the times. We can hardly imagine that any true soldier would spend any time in raising an issue of that kind now.

FARMER, Bourbon, Ind., asks: "Will you please inform me, through Correspondence column, why special act pensioners are not allowed arrearages of pensions, and who introduced the provision or clause excluding them, and why?"—We do not find anything in the law of January 25, 1865, exempting special pensioners from its provisions. The act in question is entitled "An act to provide that *all* pensions on account of death or wounds received * * * * * which have been granted or shall hereafter be granted, shall commence from the date of death or discharge, etc.

REV. A. STAPLETON, East Point, Pa., writes to complain that the editor fails to mention him as an agent for Pitman's Phonographic works, although he recently had a card in the BLADE stating that such was the case. Mr. S. compliments the memory of the editor too highly if he imagines that much-taxed individual can carry all such details in his mind, and he certainly does not mean to accuse us of intentionally overlooking his claims. Mr. Stapleton is agent, as aforesaid, and we trust that our readers will remember that fact when they want any phonographic books.

E. G. S., Shottsville, Ark., asks: "What is the origin of the phrase 'Simon Pure,' or 'Real Simon Pure'?—The name was borrowed from a novel. In Mrs. Joseph Centlivre's "Bold Stroke for a Wife," written about 1700, a Col. Feignwell passed himself off for Simon Pure, and won the heart of Miss Lovely. He gets the assent of the father, when the veritable Quaker shows himself and proves that he is the real Simon Pure. Ever since that story became familiar the spurious Simon Pure is only Col. Feignwell, and the genuine article is the real Simon Pure.

J. B. C., Delphos, O., asks: "How many Electoral votes will the next College have? Where will the gains be, and where the loss?"—The first of these questions is easy to answer, the second is not so easy. The Electoral College as at present constituted contains 369 votes. Of these Hayes received 185 and Tilden 184. It is barely possible, but not probable, that two more States will be added. From all the indications afforded by the elections this Fall, it is safe to conclude that the Republican candidate in 1880 will carry every Northern State, including New York and Indiana. He would also carry two if not three of the Southern States, if a fair election could be had, but that is by no means likely.

R. A. B., Deerfield, O., asks: "Please tell me what was the amount of the national debt at the close of the war, and what it is at present. 2. To what Nation is our Government most indebted? 3. How much was paid during Grant's administration? 4. Have you a book entitled 'The Virginia Comedians,' and if so, what is the price with the BLADE?"—At the close of the war the national debt was $2,680,647,869. According to the debt statement of November 1st, the total debt was $2,025,681,876. 2. Aside from our own country, which now holds the bulk of our debt, the greatest foreign creditor is England. 3. On the 1st of July, 1868, the public debt was $2,611,687,851. On the 1st of July, 1876, it was $2,180,395,067. 4. We regret to say that we have not the book named.

D. W. S., Newman, Ill., asks: "Will you please state how much of the public land was surveyed last year, how much has been taken up, how much granted to railroads, etc.?"—The area surveyed during 1878 was 8,041,011.83 acres, and the area yet unsubdued by the Apache tribe is over one billion acres. There were granted to the railroads up to June 30, 1870, 13,-217,994 acres of land. From 1871 to 1876 inclusive, the grants amounted to nearly 20,000,000 acres. The government lands sold and disposed of during 1871 reached 10,765,705 acres, and in the five succeeding years the amount was over 48,000,000 acres. The net increase in the amount of land taken by actual settlers during the last fiscal year over the preceding year is nearly 2,500,000 acres.

L. P. V., Sewell Center, writes: I would like to get the inaugurals and messages of each of the Presidents of the United States from 1850 to 1876, inclusive. Also, the national platform of the two controlling political parties from 1850 to 1876 inclusive. Have you a book or books with such documents exclusively?"—Perhaps you could best obtain the former by procuring a full set of the official publications issued by the United States, entitled Messages and Documents. We know of no political manual which has been published since 1850, except Greeley's Almanac, and it is doubtful whether you could obtain complete files at this late date. McPherson's Handbook of Politics, Solomons & Chapman, Washington, D. C., contains the messages and platforms for the past ten years, it is published biennially.

A. G. M., Germantown, O., asks: "What are the prospects of the Republicans regaining the control of the Senate?"—Very good. As at present constituted, the Senate includes 42 Democrats, 33 Republicans, and one Independent. It has been settled by the October election, which gave the Republicans Ohio, that Senator Thurman's successor will be a Republican. The November elections increase the Republican majority in Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and this will give Republican Senators in room of Eaton, Kernan, Randolph and Wallace. The States which have Republican Senators whose terms expire in 1881 will still remain in Republican control, with the exception, possibly, of Mississippi, where Bruce will be succeeded by a Democrat. Should the Republicans carry Indiana next year, as now appears probable, Senator McDonald (Democrat) would be succeeded by a Republican. This, in 1881, would give the Republicans 38 members of the Senate, against 37 Democrats and one Independent. In 1883 the Republicans will probably have a net gain of two. Altogether the indications are favorable for a resumption of Republican supremacy in the Senate at no distant day.

I. F. C., Scio, O., asks: "1. What question does not require the sanction of the President? 2. What are the names of the chief rulers of France, Spain, Germany, Austria, Turkey, Russia, China, Greece, Chili, Peru, Mexico, Central America and Sweden? 3. Please state the Democratic majority in the Legislature of Ohio."—1. All bills must be signed by the President before they become the law of the land. Failing to receive this, they must have a two-thirds vote of both Houses to pass over his veto. In case the bill is retained by the President 10 days without either signing or returning it, the bill also becomes a law. 2. France, Marshal Marie Edme Patrick Maurice MacMahon, President; Spain, Alphonso XII, King; Germany, Wilhelm I, Emperor; Austria Hungary, Franz Joseph I, Emperor; Turkey, Abdul Hamid Khan, Sultan; Prussia, Alexander II, Emperor; China, Kwong Shu, Emperor; Greece, Georgios I, King; Chili Annibal Pinto, President; Peru, Mariano Ignacio Prado, President; Mexico, Porfirio Diaz, President; Sweden and Norway, Oscar II, 4. The existing Legislature (1877–1879), which we suppose is the one you mean, stands, Republican, Senate, 10; House, 41; Dem ocrats, Senate, 25; House, 66; Nationals, House, 8.

A. T. S., Sunbury, O., asks: "Will you please give an outline of the Constitution of Mexico, number of States, etc.?"—The Constitution of Mexico is modeled after that of the United States. There are now 27 States and two Territories, each of which is permitted to manage its own local affairs, while all are subject, in matters of inter-State or general concern, to the Central Government, vested in three departments, the Legislative, Executive and Judiciary. Congress consists of the House of Representatives (whose members are elected by the several States, on an apportionment of one to every 40,000 inhabitants, and hold office for two years), and the Senate (consisting of two members for each State, who are elected by a plurality of votes in the State Legislature.) The President and Vice President are elected by Congress, and hold office for four years. A Council of Government, consisting of the Vice President and half the Senate, sits during the recesses between the annual sessions of Congress. The salary is the same for members of either house, $2,000 per annum. Gen. Porfirio Diaz was proclaimed President March 4, 1877, for the term of four years. The President's Cabinet consists of the heads of the Departments of Justice, Finance, the Interior, the Army and Navy, Foreign Affairs, and Public Works.

H. S. M., Stony River, Minn., asks: "What is the meaning of the expression, 'A Roland for an Oliver?'"—Traditions differ. Roland and Oliver, sometimes said to be two chargers, then two pages, were finally made out to be two of the paladins of Charlemagne, of whom the most wonderful exploits are narrated. One writer says that the proverb came from having the accounts of the two so mixed that the particular deeds of each could not be distinguished, but this misses the point. The truth seems to be that when an almost incredible story was told of one, it was soon matched by an equal or greater marvel ascribed to the other, until the two heroes became pitted against each other by the story tellers and inventors of fables. "A Roland for an Oliver" thus grew out of the inventive genius of the narrators. Still another account has it that after each had performed the most astonishing feats in arms, they met on an island in the Rhine to settle the question of supremacy. They fought there for five consecutive days, neither gaining an advantage. Whatever form the legend takes, it is certainly true that they were "matched," and so "A Roland for an Oliver" has ever since implied the matching of one story, one deed, one attempt at surprise or circumvention, by another that is its equal.

DR. F. M. T., LaGrange, Ia., asks: "Will you please give an epitome of the law authorizing the issue of the 4 and 4½ per cent. bonds? Are they payable at the option of the United States, *after* a certain time?"—The law in question is what is known as the funding act of July 14, 1870. It authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to issue bonds to an aggregate of $200,000,000, redeemable in coin in ten years, and bearing interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum; $300,000,000 of like bonds redeemable in 15 years and bearing interest at 4½ per cent. per annum, and $1,000,000,000, redeemable in 30 years, and bearing interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum. The Secretary is further authorized to sell any of the bonds issued under this act at not less than their par value in coin, and apply the proceeds to the redemption of the 5-20 bonds at their par value, but the bonds provided for in the act are not to be used for any other purpose whatever. The act further provides that the payment of any of the bonds which it authorizes after the expiration of the several terms of 10, 15 and 30 years, shall be made in amounts to be determined from time to time by the Secretary of the Treasury at his discretion. In a word, the refunding act of 1870 authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to call in outstanding bonds, and replace them by others bearing a lower rate of interest whenever the money market would enable him to do so.

### PITH AND POINT.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett is to spend the Winter in India. He should take along a copy of the well-known song, "Just in Siam."

No matter how handsome a family monument a man may have in the cemetery, he never wants to lie on his back and look up at it.

"I saw her but a moment, yet methinks I see her now, with her brother's nobby Derby upon her snowy brow."—*N. Y. Telegram.*

Don't pay any attention to a sign of "shut the door." It is a trick of a lazy man to get other people to do his work for him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

An embarrassed actor bounded on the stage of a San Francisco theater, in a scene depicting a robbery in a hotel office, and shouted, "Gag the safe, while I blow open the night clerk."

"Have you in your album any original poetry?" asked one young lady of another. "No," was the reply, "but some of my friends have favored me with original ink-ing."—*Paterson Press.*

A Quaker having sold a fine-looking, but blind horse, asked the purchaser, "Well, my friend, dost thou see any fault in him?" "None whatever," was the reply. "Neither will he ever see any in thee," said honest Broadbrim.

Queen Victoria has one consolation, anyhow. She can't have any more wars unless she acquires some new territory. All the good seats now in her possession are taken up, and the fighting is going on at the box office.—*Hawk-Eye.*

A gentleman met a stranger on the street, grasped his hand cordially and exclaimed, in tones of polite but uncertain recognition, "Mr. Brown, I believe!" "If you believe that," calmly replied the stranger, whose name was Hamilton, "you'll believe anything."

A dentist in Bristol, Vt., recently received by mail an order for a set of teeth which read as follows: "My mouth is three inches across, five-eighths inches through the jaw. Sum hummockey on edge. Shaped like a horseshoe, too forrard. If you want me to be more partiklar I shall have to come thar."

Improvement on Moore.

I never loved a dear gazelle
But what she proved a gay sell;
I never courted a shy damsel
But she turned out a regular dam sell.
—*Merry Tales.*

At a Yorktown celebration a "blasted Englishman," after surveying the situation and surroundings, said: "I can well understand now why Lord Cornwallis surrendered Yorktown. If I owned such a place, I would give it up myself."—*Baltimore Sun.*

The limitless brain of Mr. Childs seems to be ever active in producing little stanzas calculated to soothe grief. His latest effort, and one of the best, reads as follows:

Let me see the crimson garters
That belonged to little Moses.
He is gone, but sister Mabel
Wears them with her striped hose.

Our regiment was charging up a side hill, raked fore and aft with batteries and sharpshooters. One fellow near me dropped on his hands and knees, and crawled on in that position towards the enemy, when the Colonel caught him in the rear with the flat of his sabre. "Get up you darn fool! Do you think you are cavalry.—*Army Stories.*

Scene, a Swiss hotel parlor. Dramatis personæ—English lady and her daughter, the latter in mountain costume. American lady on the sofa. English lady (loq.)—"Don't laugh so loud, Mary; you'll be taken for an American." American lady (sotto voce)—"Quite impossible. Look at her feet."—Vouched for by *Harper's Bazar.*

"You are my daisy," said John Thomas to his sweetheart, the shoemaker's daughter. "Yes?" "What kind of a daisy, John?" "Ox hide daisy," he said, and she was on the other side of the room before he knew where she was. "I can't tanned everything," she said. And John Thomas—(Go on, brethren.)—*Hawkeye.*

Three was a crooked man
Who a crooked match did make,
Which brought his crooked friends
To a little crooked lake.
Then the crooked backers all
Got the crooked scheme afloat
When a little crooked saw
Cut the crooked sculler's boat.
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

At the entrance to a restaurant in Perth where young ladies are employed to stand and wait, is posted a notice reading: "Gentlemen are requested to abstain from kissing the waitresses on the stairs, as it is a fruitful source of breakage, and impedes the service." Human nature being the same the world over, the placard calls in a great many customers.

A lady giving her little boy aged 4 religious instruction, told him that if he was good he would go to Heaven and sing psalms and play the harp before the throne of God. "But I can't play the harp," said the child. His mother answered that he would know how to play when he got up to heaven. The child thought for a moment, and then said: "Mamma, when I get up to Heaven I shall ask God to give me a drum."

It is when a man's new liver pad or porous plaster slips so far below the belt that he sits on it, that he realizes how hollow and altogether lighter than vanity are the pretensions of modern medical science, and he resolves that henceforth he will doctor his liver with the pills and yarb teas of his boyhood.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"What shall I preach about?" said the minister to the pastor of a colored flock which he was about to address. "Well, mos' any subjec' will be 'ceptable," was the reply: "only I'd like to gib you one word ob caution." "Ah, what is that?" "Well, of I was you, I'd tech very light on the Ten Commandments." "Indeed! and why?" "Oh! cos' I hab noticed dat dey mos' always hab a dampenin' effec' upon dis congregation."

A boy called to see Gen. Vance. He modestly communicated his wishes to the doorkeeper. "Have you a card, sir?" he gruffly growled. "Cards," said the boy thoughtfully, mechanically running his hand in the rear pockets of his coat; "no, sir; I don't carry 'em." "Where are you from?" inquired the doorkeeper. "North Carolina," was the prompt answer. "Well, how do you do in North Carolina when people go a visiting?" "Why they ride up to a fellow's fence and holler to him to tie his dog, and they get down and go in," was the laconic reply.

## The Sunday School.

### The Message to the Churches.

LESSON 9, SUNDAY NOVEMBER, 30, 1879.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown.—Rev. 3: 11.

LESSON TEXT.

Rev. 3: 1-13.

1. And unto the angel of the Church in Sardis write: These things saith he that hath the seven Spirits of God, and the seven stars; I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest and art dead. 2. Be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die; for I have not found thy works perfect before God. 3. Remember therefore how thou hast received and heard, and hold fast, and repent. If therefore thou shalt not watch, I will come to thee as a thief, and thou shalt not know what hour I will come upon thee. 4. Thou hast a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments; and they shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy. 5. He that overcometh the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father and before his angels. 6. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches. 7. And to the angel of the church in Philadelphia write; these things saith he that is holy, he that is true, he that hath the key of David, he that openeth, and no man shutteth, and shutteth, and no man openeth; 8. I know thy works; behold I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it; for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name. 9. Behold, I will make them of the synagogue of Satan, which say they are Jews, and are not, but do lie, behold I will make them to come and worship before thy feet and to know that I have loved thee. 10. Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I will also keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world to try them that dwell upon the earth. 11. Behold, I come quickly; hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown. 12. Him that overcometh will make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out; and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God; and I will write upon him my new name. 13. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

I know thy works (v. 1.)—There is the trouble. The Lord knows what we have done, and what we are doing. If only we could be judged by what we claimed to have done, or by what we have refrained from doing, or by what other people think we have done, or by what we resolved to do, last New Year's, or last birthday, or last communion service, there would be some hope for us in the judgment. But to realize that the Lord knows our works just as they have been, and just as they are, and that he is to judge us accordingly—that is an overwhelming thought, even though we never lived in Sardis.

Thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead.—In times of pestilence the dead are so many that they cannot all be buried seasonably. And there are always unburied dead in every community, even where the yellow-fever and the small-pox are unknown. If one of our morning papers should publish the names of all the dead who are yet above ground, what a list it would make—and what fluttering too! How the corpses would hurry down to the newspaper office to know why there names were in that list! And if the editor should be able to give a reason in every instance, how the facts would startle! "You died when you married a rich wife, and decided that there was no suitable work for you to do." You died when you consented to marry a godless man who had plenty of money, and a good social position." You died when you decided to enter on an iniquitous business, because 'you must live, you know,' and this business would pay." "You died when you chose another profession for your children, on the ground that that was one of much trial and little honor." "You died when you left the ministry or the church because you had a hard time in it." "You died when you yied to the custom of trade, so far as to consent to dishonesty in your business to keep abreast of a rival house." And so all through the list with those whom their neighbors suppose to be alive. "I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead."

Strengthen the things that remain (v. 2.)—"There's no use crying for spilt milk," or, at all events, there is no use stopping to cry when you jump forward and save another pail from upsetting. If one house in a block is already on fire past recovery, it is better to keep the other houses from burning than it is to sit down with the owner of the lost house telling him how sorry you are. What if your right arm is crushed hopelessly? Instead of letting its corruption destroy the whole body, ask the surgeon to cut it off, and so rescue what there is left of you. There is a great deal more time spent by Christians in mourning over old sins, and recent follies and blunders, than in downright effort to make the most of the present and to improve on that for the future. What if you did say a foolish thing, or an untimely one, to your best friend, or to a chance yesterday? Don't stop to worry over that. Do the best you now can to make that friend or acquaintance newly sure that you are wiser or kinder than you then seemed. What if your brightest hopes for the results of a letter, or a call, or a pleasure-trip, or a business venture, have proved vain through your mistake, or another's misdoing? There is surely no advantage of groaning in spirit or in despairing for the interests involved, in view of the failure thus far. Take heart; have faith; go to work, and strengthen the things that remain. What if you have wasted all your life until now. You cannot live it over again. Your life will never wash out its dark record. Your duty is plain; in penitence, and in trust in God, take up your life at its present moment, and in divine reliance strengthen the things that remain. That is your only hope of success. That is the only course of wisdom.

Remember therefore how thou hast received and heard (v. 3.)—It has been said that "the world does not so much need instruction as it does reminding." When we see a layman "who does as well as he knows how," it will be time for us to discuss the question what will become of him. Whoever that man is, his name is different from yours and mine. If you hear a man wondering where his path of duty is, and wishing he knew what he ought to do now, you can pretty safely tell him to remember what he has already heard on the point in question, and how he had been directed to go. The needful knowledge is already his, if he will but call it to mind. There is commonly little gain in stopping to recall the past; but when a man is tempted to steal or to cheat, it would be well for him to stop long enough to remember that he has heard before now that "honesty is the best policy." There is a practical value in memories when they show the path of present duty and of future success.

I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it (v. 8.)—A man can refuse to go through an open door of opportunity or privilege; he may even himself close that door—slam it to in contempt or hatred; but no man has power to shut it against him. Many a man can say when he remembers a door which he looked through but did not pass, "If only I had known how much there was on the other side, I would have gone in there." He may even say, "I intended to go through that door after a little; but I put it off too long." But no man can ever say with truth, "God opened a door before me, and I wanted to pass it; but somebody closed it in my face." If the open door is in your home life, with glimpses possible to you or children, if it is in your business, with the privilege of doing much for yourself and for others through courage, constancy, and faith; if it is in the Sunday School or in the Church, with opportunities of winning and training souls—wherever it is that God has opened it before you, you can pass through that door if you will; no man can shut it against you.

Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown (v. 11.)—If it were a crown that the man had hold of, he would be likely to hold it fast. But when it is a cross that is given to him, he is more willing to let it drop. Dropping his cross loses his crown. God gives crowns at the end of the earthly race, to those who have persevered unto the end. The way of winning the crown is by not stopping until the prescribed course is wholly passed over. "Hold that fast which thou hast." What is that which you have to hold? It may be that busy to take care of; those 'chores' to do; that store to tend; that school to teach; that sick neighbor to visit; that perplexing friend to guard; that burden of grief to bear up under; that church and congregation to minister unto faithfully. It is just that which in the providence of God is your pres ent cross of duty or trial. Hold that fast in faith; and the crown will be yours eternally. Let that go in weariness or distrust, and whoever else wins the crown, you will not.—*H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times.*

### The Most Universally Invited Man.

New York Commercial.

Gen. Grant has received more invitations than any man of his name, time or Nation. He is perhaps the most universally invited man that ever lived.

### JOHN MORRISSEY.

#### His Wife Tells How He Came to Go to Congress.

Correspondence Philadelphia Record.

John and I were married 25 years ago. It was just after the Yankee Sullivan fight. We were married after he beat John Heenan; and although in those days when he went into the ring, I always sent him from me with the injunction to beat his man, my soul revolted at the thought of a prize battle. But it was my great hope to have him succeed in life. He came back from California and visited our house in Troy to bring some message from my brother, whom he had left there. In three weeks after that we were engaged, and a few months after that we were married. I knew John as a ragged little boy about Troy, barefooted and belligerent, always looking for a fight. When we were married he could not read or write, and to tell the truth I was only a trifle better off in the matter of educational advantages. I told him he must learn to read, and he said I must teach him. Well, we established lesson hours. Every night before going to bed he devoted himself to his spelling-book, and in the morning one hour to writing in a copy-book. The rule of study was inflexible. We made it so. The morning after he fought John C. Heenan, when he was all sore and bandaged and blind of an eye as well, I propped him up with pillows and made him write.

"How long, Mrs. Morrissey, did you keep him a pupil?"

"Till his fatal illness. Every night he studied something, and I studied during the day that I might be able to help him. Of course, when I say studied I don't mean in the ordinary school-children's way. After we mastered the English branches we took up history, and when he was pretty well posted in that we made the living topics of the day a matter of investigation—the European news, the speeches of the great men. I read them in the daytime, and John would go through them at night. Then we took up such books as De Quincy, the writings of Carlyle, and, though John Morrissey was a gambler, and by his profession made many enemies who frowned upon him, he was possessed of knowledge on many subjects independent of City politics and horse racing, which would have put to blush his sternest critics had they been in competition with him."

"Did Mr. Morrissey follow this line of study because of a natural bent of mind?"

"I don't think so. He would say: 'Now, this is no good for me, Susie; but I pressed him on, and he would soon get interested. Then he had such an indomitable perseverance. When he found a thing he could not readily understand he would master it out of very spite. I remember once of his throwing down his arithmetic, shortly after we were married, and exclaiming pettishly: "I don't care about those fractions; they're only part of a thing any way! What's the use of all this study, Susie?" 'John,' I said, 'if you don't beat these fractions, you will never go to Congress.' 'Oh! that's your lay out for me, is it?' 'It is, indeed, my boy,' I replied. Then he took up his book again and said: 'All right, my dear, we'll go to Congress.' And he did."


### SPECIAL NOTICES.

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To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

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50 Samples Photo, Dealer, etc., Cards, 10c. Autograph Album, 13c. GLOBE PRINT CO., Northford, Ct.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Outfit free. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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Bob Toombs says, "The Union is dead." Certainly; so say we; the *Union* is dead, but the *Nation* lives.

The Pennsylvania Republicans are not unnaturally disposed to assume zephyrs on account of their big majority.

Several new and inviting offers will be found in the last column of this page.

New York *Telegram:* "When the band serenaded Cornell they played 'See the Conking Hero Comes.'"

With 100 Republican majority in the Iowa Legislature, there is not much danger of the State suffering from a gerrymander.

The worst thing that Sen. Bayard will have to contend with is this beginning to talk about him so early in the campaign.

Would to Heaven there was never any more danger to the peace of the country than is contained in Bob Toombs's threat to go to war again.

Scott Lord's attempt to galvanize Don Carlos Buell into sufficient life to answer for a Democratic candidate, was a humiliating failure. People remember too well Mr. Bragg's promenade to Louisville in 1862.

We offer the finest line of gift books to be found in the United States, all of them at less than regular prices.

Gov. Holliday now stands between Virginia and dishonor. All the hopes of those who are truly the sons of the old State hang upon his having the firmness to veto the schemes of the Repudiators.

They ought to quit calling him the *Sage* of Cipher Alley. In view of his keen regrets, Rue would be a better name, only that is a "herb of Grace," which makes it difficult to connect with Sammy Tilden.

Reports from England show that the condition of trade is better, and promises well for the near future. The demand for cotton increases daily, and prices are advancing. This is an evidence that manufactures are reviving.

Turkey is beginning to desire a friendly alliance with her old enemy, Russia. Of course the motive is dislike to England and the decided course the latter is taking with regard to the promised reforms in the Sultan's dominions.

Nothing wakes up the Republicans so effectually as giving the State institutions over to Democratic management. One season of Democratic reign in Wisconsin, is followed by the greatest Republican majority ever polled in the State. The people there think they will send a solid Republican delegation to the next Congress.

The fact that a band of 50 men can defy the Government of Servia does not speak well for its strength. That number of highwaymen hold the country roads into Belgrade, and rob and murder *ad libitum*. They will not allow the tax gatherers to proceed with their duties, and are carrying things with a high hand generally.

The telegraphic reports of the diphtheria in Russia show it to be something terrible, the mortality having become so frightful as to seriously alarm the Government, and cause it to appoint a special commission to ascertain, if possible, its cause. Of course it will be found, if the truth is spoken, to be in the lack of any sanitary precautions, especially in the smaller Towns. The filth in those places is something fearful and not the slightest effort is made to clean up. Diftheria, which is a disease that imperatively demands the most careful attention to the laws of health, could not find better ground in which to work. It would be a miracle under the circumstances, if after gaining a foothold, it did not spread. Only the most extreme measures can eradicate it now, and it will be long before, even with them, it will entirely disappear.

Now is the time to order your holiday books from the Blade catalogue. Low prices and large assortment are guaranteed to every early purchaser.


## CURRENT EVENTS.

Doubtless the most significant and interesting figures of the week come to us in the annual report of the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics at Washington. It appears from this report that the total specie value of the imports and exports of the United States in 1878 79 were larger than ever before known except in 1873-4 while the value of the exports of domestic merchandise from the United States was greater than during any previous fiscal year in the history of this country. The value of domestic exports for the year ended June 30th, 1869, was a little over $275,000,000, but the value of domestic exports for the year ending June 30th, 1879, aggregated over $698,000,000. The balance of trade in favor of the United States for the fiscal year ending with June 30th last was over $269,000,000. The exports of breadstuffs from this country increased from $181,000,000 in the year ending June 30th, 1878, to $210,000,000 in that ending June 30th, 1879. Our exports to the British Isles decreased during the last fiscal year over $37,000,000, while they increased to France, Russia, Spain and the Hawaiian islands. It is not very creditable to the enterprise of our country to note that of all the goods exchanged by sea between the United States and other countries, only 23 per cent. were carried in American vessels.

It is worthy of note that the Central Pacific Railroad through its President, Mr. C. P. Huntington last week made a payment of $220,000 to the Government in conformity, with the requirements of the Thurman act. About $600,00 still remains due. Mr. Huntington has made the payment under protest, and declares his intention of still further testing the legality of that measure before the Supreme Court. Of the amount first named, $180,000 has been credited to the Pacific Railroad sinking fund, in accordance with the provisions of the Thurman act.

Some very interesting figures are to be found in the annual report of the General Land Office at Washington, which has just been placed in the hands of the Secretary of the Interior. It shows that during the fiscal year ending June 30 last, 9,332,513 acres of public lands were disposed of and 9,484 996 acres were surveyed, in addition to 764,591,236 acres previously surveyed. The total number of acres of public domain still unsurveyed is about 1,081,000,000. The increase in homestead entries was 841,766 acres and in timber culture entries 896,139 acres.

It was to be expected that the result of the recent elections in the Northern States would have its effect on the solid South," but it was hardly to be supposed that the effect would so soon be manifested. Alex. H. Stephens, of Georgia it is said has recently made such expression of his opinion was as to lead to the conclusion that he is endeavoring to create political capital in his State for Gen. Grant. It is known that he will not support Tilden if nominated, and that he would use all his efforts to secure Grant's election in case he entered the field. In this connection comes also a letter from W. H. Felton, a prominent member of Congress from Georgia, in which he declares that he will no longer co-operate with the present Democratic majority in Congress. Mr. Felton is an independent Democrat, who has held a seat in the past three Congresses, and his letter is a scathing review of the follies, blunders and crimes committed by his party during the extra session of the Forty-sixth Congress. The Democrats, he declares, have lost the confidence of the North, and by their action in the extra session, instead of strengthening the North, they were solidifying the North against the already solid South. He believes that there is but one man in the United States, who as a Democrat, could possibly win the Presidency next year, and that man is David Davis, of Illinois.

In striking contrast to this candid and truthful utterance, is the dispatch of Robert Toombs, the Georgia fire eater, who in speaking of Grant's return to his native land says: "He, Grant, fought for his country honorably, and won; I fought for mine and lost. I am ready to try it over again. Death to the Union." The most that can be said of Toombs is that he represents an element in the South who were most forward with their threats, and most tardy with their words during the rebellion.

The reunion of the Army of the Tennessee, held at Chicago last week, was in every respect, a most successful affair. The city was profusely decorated and the veterans gave a special reception to Gen. Grant who was present throughout the subsequent exercises.

An article on the seventh page of this paper contains a biographical sketch of Hon. F. C. Beaman, who was appointed by Gov. Croswell as United States Senator from Michigan to succeed Sen. Chandler. Since that page of the paper was sent to press, Judge Beaman has declined the honor, and the Governor has appointed ex Gov. Henry P. Baldwin to fill the vacancy. A sketch of his life will be found elsewhere.

The Board of Trade of Great Britain, in its returns for the 10 months preceding September, shows a falling off of imports, especially of raw materials. This would seem to indicate that England is reducing her stock of general manufactures, and thus preparing for a revival of demand, which would insure a renewal of trade.

## THE RECENT MR. GORHAM.

The California Republican press is very justly demanding the expulsion of the recreant Gorham from the National Republican Committee. The *Alta* says:

Mr. Gorham may claim to be a sound Republican, but if he had exercised as much influence as he thought he had, he would have given a secessionist administration to California, and thus have pledged the State to go Democratic at the next Presidential election. If that conduct is soundly Republican, and if the wishes of California are entitled to no consideration, Mr. Gorham may with propriety retain his membership in the Committee.

The truth is, Mr. Gorham was always a sadly over-estimated quantity—his highest talent being his ability to pass himself for much more than his current worth. He made the usual mistake of such men: he came to really believe that he was of as much importance as he claimed to be, and in an unlucky moment for himself tried to demonstrate this by selling out the Republican party in California to the Honorable Bilks. The result showed that he did not control a corporal's guard of voters.

## RESURRECTION OF MR. SEYMOUR.

Much importance is attached to a statement made by Speaker Randall's right-hand man in Pennsylvania to this effect:

Political sentiment is changing from Mr. Tilden to ex-Gov. Seymour to such an extent that it may be called an actual revolution. The Bayard boom does not meet with the Seymour men's approval, on the ground that States are wanted now, not statesmen. We want States, not men. Tilden made his fight in New York, staked his chances and lost. We must have New York, and must nominate a man who will carry it. Seymour would not decline a nomination, as the one most interested in his behalf is his nephew, Horatio Seymour, jr., who just ran ahead of his ticket for State Engineer of New York. Young Seymour did not want to run, but he did, and he turned out to be the only Democrat elected whose majority was returned by Republicans.

Read between the lines this is: "The strife between Tilden and John Kelly is irremediable; they are bound to cut each others' throats next year and lose the State of New York for the Democracy. Now, can we devise some plan to neatly shelve both of them, and satisfy at the same time the clamors of the large portion of the Democracy that is opposed to Tilden—bitterly opposed to him since his recent defeat?"

Viewing the problem from this angle, there is little loss of time in arriving at the conclusion that Horatio Seymour is the proper man for the purpose.

This conclusion reflects credit upon those who had arrived at it.

Mr. Seymour in the first place is about the only prominent New York Democrat whose reputation would stand the searching investigation of one week of the campaign.

His private character is unexceptionable, and as a model of a thrifty, cultivated, unostentatious country gentleman he has many admirers outside of his party—perhaps enough to counterbalance the enemies in his party who hate him for possessing virtues that are a reflection upon themselves.

Though he sided with his party during the war, and held office when its Copperheadism was breaking out in the great Draft Riots, and similar overt acts of treason, his garments are less smirched with the taint of active disloyalty than those of any other Democrat of equal prominence during the struggle. He was never charged with any connection with the Knights of the Golden Circle, Sons of Liberty, or of anything worse than a marked lukewarmness as to the success of the Union arms.

He was similarly fortunate in his relations with the Tammany Ring. He contrived to get the support of that organization without incuring any odium of complicity in its crimes.

But it is useless canvassing him. He does not stand a ghost of a show at present of being Tilden's successor. Mr. Tilden does not intend to be succeeded by anybody, and when Mr. Tilden has intentions everybody within their range had better recognize that they are a force which must be provided for in every calculation. Just now his intentions are to dominate the Democratic party until it elects him to the Presidency or he dies. It will be the worse for any Democrat who attempts to contravene those intentions.

Mr. Seymour's friends will do him little service by forcing a contest with Mr. Tilden. His qualifications for such a struggle would be his fair reputation, a good standing among the gentry of the country side, and a tolerable amount of political ability of the old fashioned kind. Opposing such relatively feeble attributes as these to the superlative cunning, and wealth bestressed resources of Samuel. J. Tilden would be like putting a man wielding an old-fashioned lance against one armed with a Peabody Martine rifle.

Bob Toombs is as near being the Ben Butler of Georgia as a Southern man can be like a Northern one. Both are continually drawing attention to themselves by windy extravagance of speech, shrewdly designed for that very purpose. Both have the froth and fume, and apparent recklessness of word and deed underlaid with an adamantine substratum of cool, calculating self-interest and this is their highest claim for ability, for in politics and public affairs generally both are the veriest shysters, Butler has the largest income of any man in Massachusetts. Toombs is the wealthiest man in Georgia. Their gain have been made from the silly moths who have been attracted by the flare of their wordy bonfire. Being in the South, Toombs effects the swagger, the rodomontade, the word-valiance of the public men of that section, and distinguishes himself by going to greater length than their ability or audacity will permit them. Being in the North, Butler affects super subtlety—a cunning beyond the guiles of Israel. Transpose their locations and each would and could play the other's part without a change of costume or mental process. Toombs now says that he is ready to fight again against the Union. Though he was as instrumental as any other man in the South in precipitating Secession, his military services to the Southern Confederacy were more insignificant even than Ben. Butler's to the Government, which is saying very much. With all its blunders, however, the Davis Government never committed such a gigantic one as giving Toombs the same chance to throw away men, money, and grand opportunities as our Government gave Butler.

The grand scenery of Switzerland is one of the greatest if not *the* greatest causes of the prosperity of that little State. The crowds of people who flock thither annually leave behind them a large amount of money to be distributed through the country. During the last season it is said that 1,400,000 tourists have visited it, and while enjoying its grandeur and beauty have expended over $45,000,000. Of these tourists a large proportion were Americans, many of whom, doubtless, are entirely unfamiliar with the magnificent mountains and valleys of the great Western regions of the United States. One cause is the imitative faculty of humanity. The current of travel has set so long over the ocean that it is very hard to turn it into another direction. Another thing, up to the present time, the facilities for reaching these localities have been poor, the journey difficult and wearisome, far beyond the sea voyage in a comfortable steamer. But the time is coming when all this will be changed, or at least the number of persons who go abroad without any accurate idea of their own country, will be largely diminished, and much of the money carried to Europe will be expended in our own land.

## CAUSE FOR REJOICING.

The news that the creditors of Jay Cooke are to receive the amount of their claims in full, dollar for dollar, while it will be a cause of rejoicing to the whole country will disappoint not a few of the croakers who were sure that the failure was a dishonorable affair, brought about to put money in the hands of the firm, and cheat a great mass of people out of their dues. The word of Mr. Cooke given at the time, that if his creditors would be patient, they should all be paid, went for nothing. Even the publication of the book showing the condition of the whole estate, and that the assets at their proper value far exceeded the liabilities failed to satisfy many, who sold out their claims for what they could get, and went on their way feeling that they had been deceived and cheated. Some thinking that Mr. Cooke was a thorough business man, knowing of what he was speaking, and entirely honest withal, sat down to await the coming of prosperous times and the consequent fulfilment of his prophesy.

The good times have returned. The "Northern Pacific," whose decline in 1873 was the great cause of all the trouble, has gone up, and the advance being upon a sound basis, those who believed in Mr. Cooke's word are now to receive the full value of their claims and something more.

The country will rejoice in this for two reasons. It shows, for one thing, most conclusively, that the material improvement in business matters visible now is real and widespread—that another cycle of prosperity has fairly commenced. The tendency of values is upward, and though the wild speculative excitement which has shown itself may by its excess cause a slight reaction, it cannot be permanent or produce any extensive trouble. The second cause for rejoicing is that a man who had the confidence of the Nation, who was universally trusted as honorable and true to the heart's core, should have proved himself to be all that he was believed, and that he was enabled to do this so soon after the cloud of suspicion had settled down upon him. The whole affair teaches this lesson out of many others, that while appearances may be strongly against a person, years of probity and righteous living should be allowed to weigh down the scales of judgment until wrong doing is absolutely proven. It is true, too, that intense fear of losing money will drive creditors to pouncing upon an unfortunate debtor that will put it at once out of his power to save himself or them from what is usually an irretrievable loss.

## THE INTEROCEANIC CANAL.

It was a matter of surprise to everybody when the Paris Congress called by M. de Lesseps to consider the matter of the Interoceanic Canal, decided upon a route so much less feasible than some of the others, and which was condemned so decidedly by the principal engineers of the United States, who have, for so long a time made the matter a subject of study, because it is so closely connected with the commercial interests of the Nation. The advantages of the Nicaraguan route are so marked over the one chosen, especially in a financial point of view, that it is little wonder that the present scheme has dragged and bids fair to be a failure.

It is stated that Admiral Ammen, so long an advocate of the Nicaraguan route, has lately had a letter from Paris, in which it is stated that the Rothschilds have subscribed one-third of the capital necessary to prosecute the work, which shall be put into the hands of an American Company of which Gen. Grant shall be President, and that the United States shall obtain the necessary concessions from the Government of Nicaragua.

Whether this is true or a rumor only, it is certain that the subscriptions for the other route are proceeding in a most discouragingly slow manner, showing an entire lack of public confidence. The truth is the decision was made too hastily, and like all such will have to be reconsidered, or the work prove a failure. The N. Y. *Tribune*, in commenting upon the matter, well says that even the Nicaraguan way should not be decided upon without a farther and thorough examination of the Isthmus. A mistake, if made, is not just for the present time, but for the future as well. Another question has to be studied as well as the engineering, and that is, with reference to the interests of navigation.

If the Rothschild's have pledged themselves to advance so large a part of the sum required for the canal, it is probable that there will be small difficulty in raising the remainder, and the work can be soon begun which, when completed, will make such a marked change in the commercial schemes of the world.

## COMMERCIAL INTERESTS OF FRANCE.

France is becoming alarmed about the depression in trade within her borders, and not disposed to look favorably upon any change in Germany's arrangements that shall put the commercial interests of the latter upon a more advanced basis than it now rests. The truth is, French enterprise, though not dead, is languishing, and her leading business men are casting around for some means to revive the drooping energies of her people, and make the Republic more prosperous. She has had much to contend with. The loss of Alsace and Lorraine, both lively industrial communities, was a heavy blow. The payment of the heavy indemnity to Germany was a terrible drain upon her energies, causing an increase of taxation that fell like a dead weight upon her people. They have exhibited in carrying this burden an industry and economy that it was not supposed they possessed. War will always make a certain waste that must be repaired, and this is what has been taxing the energies of France to the utmost.

It will be necessary for her now, unless she desires to see Germany entirely outstrip her, to form some plan for the extension of her trade. One of her leading papers has proposed one that seems feasible, unless it should be killed by the opposition of the protectionists, who form such a strong party. This is to form a commercial union with Italy, Belgium, Holland and Switzerland, which would open a large extent of territory and a great population to the products of France. The trade is already very large, it being one-third of the total foreign commerce, and it might be increased indefinitely. Of course there are obstacles to be met and overcome, but they are not insuperable.

It seems that all the European States, situated as they are in such close proximity to each other, might see the advantage of a union that would enable a comparatively free interchange of natural and manufactured products. At present there is but very little unanimity of action among them. They are rivals in every sense of the word, with a disposition not only to work actively for themselves but against their neighbors. This policy if not the best, and those States that soonest see it, and move toward a change, will come out ahead in the race for supremacy. Should France carry out the plan proposed by the Economiste Francais, it will go a long way toward solving the problem of the future of her commercial interests now pressing for solution upon her.

## COMPOUNDING FELONY.

They have a story in New York of a bank cashier who withdrew $50,000 of the bank's money for purposes of speculation, and lost it. Concealment growing daily more difficult, he consulted his lawyer, who advised him that, inasmuch as the money he had already taken was irrevocably gone, the best way was to take a hundred thousand more. Having done this, the repentant cashier made a clean breast of his transgression. He had at divers times converted $150,000 of the bank's funds to his own use, for which he was truly sorry. Exposure would ruin him and cause a terrible scandal. So solicitous were his friends that this might be avoided that they were willing, in case he was permitted to retire on a certificate of failing health and sound integrity, to raise $50,000 toward reimbursing the bank. The proposition was finally accepted, and the invalid but virtuous cashier retired on the money which the forethought of his attorney had enabled him to secure.

This is perhaps a somewhat exaggerated illustration of cases which are constantly occurring all over the country. "Five hundred dollars reward and no questions asked," is the shape the matter took in our own City not a great while since in a well known case of robbery. The law which regards propositions of this kind coming from the injured party as distantly related to the crime itself, has come to look upon them with an indifferent eye, and as a rule fails even to see them at all. The man who is robbed of his property by a thief realizes that a two-fold offense has been committed, an offense against himself and against the State. He really desires to see enforced the law for the protection of property, but the individual loss to himself stands out so much nearer and more vividly that it is apt to obscure the more remote idea of wrong and loss to the State. And where the two come into actual conflict, it is not difficult to see which of the two will be sacrificed to the other. The thief who compromises with the owner makes a safe gain of unlawful spoils, while he is emboldened to undertake new villainies, and society suffers added wrong.

Society protects the individual and undertakes to secure without cost to him, the punishment of the criminal. As the law now is, it asks the injured man to pocket his individual loss, in order that the punishment of the offender may be to the general gain. But since society undertakes to extend to the offender justice, why not go a step farther, and secure to the injured man restitution. Here is a final end to all protection of the individual at the expense of the State. If the guilty man has property, let it be devoted to restoring the property taken; if he has only labor, let it be used to create a recompense; if he has neither, then let the State itself come in to make the loss of the injured man good. Does it not increase the expense of convicting the criminal? Possibly but it more than makes up the difference in decreasing crime itself. By enlarging the responsibility of the State, it also heightens its vigilance, and by destroying all possibilities of a compromise, it lessens the tendency to commit the crime. Who shall say that such a plan is not within the limits of possibility?

Charleston merchants awake to the unpleasant realization that politics is not all there is of life, and while they have been engrossed with their little shot gun and tissue ballot operations, the Savannah merchants have stolen away all their cotton trade. Twenty years ago the Charlestonians started to build a railroad to the West through the mountains, but as it was made a State enterprise, and every Legislature since has had to have its steal out of the money appropriated for the work, the road is not completed, nor will it be for another 20 years, at least, unless it is given over into private hands.

New York *Star:* Apropos of the Tyndal-Darwin theories comes in one of Gen. Schenck's latest stories that he told to the wife of a British Cabinet officer, who assured him that "England made America all that she is." "Pardon me, madam," said the General, "you remind me of an answer of the Ohio lad in his teens, who, attending Sunday school for the first time, was asked by his teacher: 'Who made you?' 'Made me?' 'Yes.' 'Why God made me about so long (holding his hands about 10 inches apart), but I growed the rest.'"

Dakota is rushing ahead in the race for position among the Territories with wonderful rapidity. Within 10 years its population has increased from 14,000 to 120,000 and settlers are pouring in from every direction faster than ever. It will not be long before she will be ready to become a State. It is needless to say that she is Republican in politics.

Turner Falls *Reporter:* "Of what use is the casket when the jewel is gone?" asked the tramp, as he took the last swallow of the whiskey and threw the bottle over in the cornfield.

## NEWS FOR THE CHILDREN.

### Delightful Books Almost Given Away.

We have just opened a lot of *five hundred* beautiful juvenile books of various titles suited to young readers from five to 15. Each one is handsomely bound in cloth richly ornamented in gilt, and nearly all of them contain appropriate engravings. These books range in price from 50 to 75 cents each, but we will send a single book post-paid for 30 cents, two for 60 cents, three for 80 cents, or four for $1.00, our own selections in each case. We cannot undertake to duplicate titles and in no case will send more than four books in a single order to any one address. All that is necessary in ordering is to state the age of the child or children for whom the book is designed, and we will make the selections accordingly. These books are all fresh and inviting, and this offer is the cheapest of its kind ever made.

Since the investiture of Victoria with that new title, her manner is said to be more empressive.—*Puck.*

## LATE LITERATURE.

### Glimpses at Some New Books—Minor Notes, etc.

MODEL HOMES, by the Messrs. Palliser. Palliser, Palliser & Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

In this very neat little volume the authors have given a variety of designs for model dwellings as well as for a school house, bank, library, town hall, and other buildings. The text covers a great many practical hints on building, on the employment of architects, the responsibility to their clients, etc. We know of no book of its class which conveys so much really valuable information to parties about to build, or which illustrates so forcibly how much of added comfort, convenience and even elegance, the house builder of to-day receives for his money.

THE DAWN OF HISTORY, by C. F. Kearey. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

This is a very helpful book. It was a happy thought to gather up and condense all that is definitely ascertained in regard to the prehistoric period of the human race. The materials for such a work are widely scattered. The investigation of the primitive condition of man has been pushed in many directions by a multitude of minds, some perhaps over-credulous, and some it may be, too skeptical. To the general reader the whole subject seems to be in an exceedingly rebellious condition. The author, or rather editor of this volume, C. F. Kearey, of the British Museum, has conferred a substantial benefit upon the reading public. He has met a real want, by giving a clear, compact statement of the things that are most surely believed among archæologists. There is a notable absence of all mere speculation, unfounded influence, and hasty generalization. The laymen in science may be reasonably confident that what is set forth in this book is well established, especially where it is distinctly stated that certain conclusions have been actually reached. There is much valuable information to be found here, and some things that are quite amusing. Perhaps to the incurious reader the chapters on Early Social Life and Folk Tales will prove the most attractive portions of the volume. To more serious and thoughtful inquirers we would commend the statements in regard to religion, more particularly "The Aryan Religions" and "The Outer World." Those who are of a literary turn will find much to interest them in the chapters on Language and Writing. The sub-title of the book is quite suggestive —"An Introduction to Pre-historic Study." We would join in the wish expressed in the preface, "that some readers to whom pre-historic study is a new thing, may be sufficiently interested in it to desire to continue their researches." They will find it a pursuit worthy of all their energies, and possessing a fascination peculiarly its own. This unpretending book we commend especially to teachers. It might with advantage be used as a text book in schools.

GREAT SPEECHES AND ORATIONS OF DANIEL WEBSTER, with an essay on Daniel Webster as a master of English style, by Edward P. Whipple.

While it is not claimed that this collection contains anything especially new, the publishers have collected in a large and handsome volume a selection of the best known speeches and orations of Daniel Webster, comprising his great public addresses or discourses, the most famous of the speeches which he delivered in the United States Senate, and a number of those weighty legal arguments which gained him the recognized leadership of the American bar. These include 45 titles, and to them is added an appendix containing specimens of Webster's state papers; his dispatches on "Impressment" and the "Right of Search," his "Letters to Gen. Cass on the Treaty of Washington," and "The Hulseman Letter." Each speech or address is prefaced with an account of the occasion and circumstances of its delivery, there are copious explanatory notes, and an excellent index renders the treasures of the volume easily accessible. Prefixed to the whole is an elaborate essay on "Daniel Webster as a Master of English Style," which, though it hardly represents Mr. Whipple at his best, will really help the reader to understand the secret of Webster's power, and to appreciate the quality of his work. Coming at this juncture in American politics, the book will awaken renewed interest in the great statesman, and is of especial interest to the young men who have come upon the stage since he passed from it.

POEMS, by Henry Abbey. D. Appleton & Co. New York:

Mr. Abbey has fairly won a recognized place among the singers who haunt the ordinary levels of life, and whose stanzas while not attuned to any of the overmastering passions of humanity, are nevertheless fine and sweet. Not a few of his verses have won appreciative readers through the leading magazines. He has a certain facility of versification which insures us that he will never vex our ears with a halting couplet, and he has given us nothing in his volume which may not be read with pleasure. Perhaps the best poems in the book are. "The Singers Alms," "The Beloum's Rebuke," and "The Caliph's Magnanimity." In the "Draw Bridge Keeper" Mr. Abbey seems to fail short of his theme, but it is doubtless because the bare heroic deed on which the poem is based is grander than almost any possible treatment.

THE BODLEYS AFOOT, by the author of "The Bodleys on Wheels." Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston.

We doubt if the blessed St. Nicholas could find anything which would be better calculated to delight the heart of the traditional "good boy" than one of the Bodley books. The very latest of the series, coming in capital good time for the holidays, is "The Bodleys Afoot." The text is not only full of the most charming combinations of amusement and instruction, but the letter press and the binding, following out the precedent of the preceding volumes, are full of a quaint elegance which makes them attractive to both old and young.

IN BERKSHIRE WITH THE WILDFLOWERS by Elaine and Dora Read Goodale, illustrated by Hamilton Gibson.

The children who have written these poems (for they are scarcely more than children) are already well known to the reading public. The poems describe the various wild flowers of New England, whose peculiar characteristics are charmingly pictured. The fresh realism of the verses confirms the impression given by that fascinating volume "Apple Blossoms," that the writers are at once earnest lovers and keen observers of nature, and also that they possess the happiest facility for expressing the influence of nature upon them. The designs of Mr. Gibson are exquisitely drawn, and the rich binding and exquisite typography of the volume make it one of the most charming gift-books of the season.

MINOR NOTES.

Theodore Tilton comes to the front again in a new volume of poems, called "Thou and I," which will be published shortly by R. Worthington, of New York. It will make a book of about 300 pages, and will have an engraved portrait of the author.

Harper's Young People, the new juvenile weekly publication announced by the Harper Brothers, has made its appearance, and promises to find a great many readers among the young people. It comprises eight pages each about half the size of the weekly, and is abundantly illustrated with good engravings. Price $1.50 per year.

Among the late announcements by Houghton, Osgood & Co., are Old Friends and New, by Sarah O. Jewett, a collection of short stories and sketches; the Twins of Table Mountain, and other sketches, by Bret Harte; a new edition of the original Little Classics; Goethe's Faust, translated by Bayard Taylor, a new edition of Mrs. Whitney's popular stories; The Illustrated Annual for Boys and Girls; The Boys' and Girls' Miscellany; The Prayers of Ages with several new editions of standard works.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

### How to Replenish Them.

We have now on hand, in our regular and miscellaneous stocks of books an assortment of juvenile volumes excellently adapted to the use of Sunday School Libraries. Many of these books can readily be selected by the description from our catalogue, while others can be selected by us. We invite correspondence from Sunday School Superintendents and other officers, and feel satisfied that we can fill orders, ranging from five to $50, at prices that can not be equaled elsewhere. In case it is so desired, we will take pleasure in making selections for any of our correspondents, if they will state what amount of money they wish to spend in this way.

## AT THE BANQUET.

### Mark Twain Makes the Funny Speech About "The Babies."

Chicago Times, Nov. 14.

The humorous speech of the evening was made by Samuel L. Clemens, otherwise "Mark Twain," in response to the novel sentiment of "The Babies."

"The Babies"—As they comfort us in our sorrows, let us not forget them in festivities. [Laughter.]

I like that! We haven't all had the good fortune to be ladies—[laughter]—we haven't all been generals, or poets, or statesmen; but when the toast works down to "The Babies," we stand on common ground, for we've all been there—been babies. [Laughter and applause.] It is a shame that, for a thousand years, the world's banquets have utterly ignored the baby, as if *he* didn't amount to anything. If you gentlemen will stop and think a minute—if you will go back 50 or 100 years, to your early married life—[laughter]—and recontemplate your first baby, you will remember that he amounted to a good deal, and even something over. You soldiers all know that when that little fellow arrived at family headquarters you had to hand in your resignation. [Laughter.] He took entire command. You became his lackey, his mere body-servant, and

YOU HAD TO STAND AROUND,

too. He was not a commander who made allowances for time, distance, weather, or anything else—you had to execute his order, whether it was possible or not. [Laughter.]

And there was only one form of marching in his manual of tactics, and that was the double-quick. He treated you with every sort of insolence and disrespect, and the bravest of you didn't dare to say a word. You could face the death storm of Donelson and Vicksburg, and gave back blow for blow—[applause]—but when *he* clawed your whiskers, and pulled your hair, and twisted your nose you had to take it. [Laughter.] When the thunders of war were sounding in your ears, you set your face toward the batteries, and advanced with steady tread; but when *he* turned on the terrors of *his* war whoops, you advanced in the other direction—[laughter]—mighty glad of the chance, too. When he called for soothing syrup, did you venture to throw out

ANY SIDE REMARKS

about certain services being unbecoming an officer and a gentleman? [Laughter.] No! You got up and got it. If he ordered his pop-bottle, and it wasn't warm, did you talk back? Not you! You went to work and warmed it. You even descended so far in your menial office as to take a suck at that warm, insipid stuff yourself, to see if it was right—three parts water to one of milk, a touch of sugar to modify the colic, and a drop of peppermint to kill those immortal hic coughs. I can taste it yet. [Roars of laughter.]

And how many things you learned, as you went along. Sentimental young folk still took stock in that beautiful old saying, that when the baby smiles in his sleep it is because the angels are whispering to him. Very pretty, but "too thin." [Laughter.] Simply wind on the stomach, my friends! If the baby proposed to take a walk at his usual hour—half-past two in the morning—didn't you rise up promptly and remark, with a mental addition which wouldn't improve a Sunday School book much, that that was the very thing you were about to propose yourself? [Roars.] Oh, you were under good discipline! And, as you went flattering up and down the room in your "unless uniform," you not only prattled unsignified baby talk, but you tuned up your martial voice and tried to sing, "Rock a by, baby, in the tree-top," for instance. "What a spectacle for an Army of the Tennessee! [Roars of laughter.] And what an affliction for the neighbors, too; for it isn't everybody within a mile around that likes military music at three in the morning. And when you had been keeping this sort of thing up two or three hours, and your little velvet head intimated that nothing suited him like exercise and noise,—"go on,"—what did you do?

YOU SIMPLY WENT ON,

till you dropped in the last ditch. [Great laughter.] The idea that a baby doesn't amount to anything! Why, one baby is just a house and a front yard full by itself; one baby can furnish more business than you and your whole Interior Department can attend to; he is enterprising, irrepressible, brim full of lawless activities; do what you please, you can't make him stay on the reservation. [Prolonged laughter.] Sufficient unto the day is one baby. As long as you are in your right mind don't you ever pray for twins. [Roars of laughter and blushes by Gen. Sheridan.] Twins amount to a permanent riot, and there ain't any real difference between triplets and an insurrection. [Laughter.] Yes, it was high time for a toastmaster to recognize the importance of the "Babies." Think what is in store for

THE PRESENT CROP.

Fifty years hence we shall all be dead—I trust—and then this flag, if it still survive—and let us hope it may—will be floating over a republic numbering two hundred million souls, according to the settled laws of our increase; our present schooner of state will have grown into a political leviathan—a "Great Eastern"—and the cradled babies of to-day will be on deck. Let them be well trained, for we are going to leave a big contract on their hands. [Applause.] Among the three or four million cradles now rocking in the land are some which this nation would preserve for ages as sacred things if we could know which ones they are. In one of these cradles the unconscious Farragut of the future is at this moment teething—think of it!—and putting in a world of dead earnest, unarticulated, but perfectly justifiable profanity over it, too. [Laughter.] In another, the future renowned astronomer is blinking at the shining milky way with but a languid interest, poor little chap, wondering what has become of that other one they call the wet-nurse [laughter]; in another, the future great historian is lying—and doubtless he will continue to "lie" till his earthly mission is ended [laughter]; in another the future President is busying himself with no profounder problem of state than what the mischief has become of his hair so early and in

A MIGHTY ARRAY OF OTHER CRADLES

there are now some 60,000 office seekers getting ready to furnish him occasion to grapple with the same old problem a second time, and in still one more cradle, somewhere under the flag, the future illustrious commander-in-chief of the American armies so little is burdened with his approaching grandeurs and responsibilities as to be giving his whole strategic mind at this moment to trying to find out some way to get his own big toe into his mouth,—[laughter]—an achievement which—meaning no disrespect—the illustrious guest of this evening also turned *his* attention to some fifty-six years ago. And if the child is but the prophecy of the man, there are mighty few who will doubt that he succeeded. (Prolonged and uproarous laughter.)

### "He Ain't in no Trance."

New York Tribune.

A countryman was once prowling about a railroad station to see what he could discover to satisfy the cravings of an inquiring mind. He stepped into a baggage-car which contained a box of exceedingly stalwart Limberger cheese, and a musket box, the latter having a strong resemblance to the ordinary rough pine coffin case. Sniffing the pervasive odor of the place for a moment, he stepped over to the side of the musket box, and, jerking his thumb at it over his shoulder, remarked with a sagacious wink: "He ain't in no trance!" The observation seems to fit the case of the late Sen. Thurman, of Ohio.

"You press me to reply," said Angeline as she gasped for breath, "and if you don't—stop—squeezing me—so—tight, I'll say yes just as loud's I can scream." But when she did say "yes" it was the sighing of an evening breeze; just as soft and pretty.—*New Haven Register.*


# A GRAND OFFER.

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**CLASS I.**

The following list contains an assortment of good books on all subjects, only one or at most two of each title being offered. The books are all as good as new, and retail everywhere at from $1.00 to $1.25 per volume. We will send any book POST PAID at one-half the price annexed, or we will send any book in the list and the Blade one year on receipt of $1.75, thus giving the subscriber a copy of the paper at CLUB RATES, and a book of his own selection FREE. Since orders are likely to be large, subscribers are requested in all cases to designate a second choice. Selections will have preference in the order in which they are received:

DRAWING FROM MEMORY by the Cave Method, by Mad. Marie Elizabeth Cave; 130 pages; price 75c.

A DAY IN CAPERNAUM, translated from the German by J. G. Morris; 258 pages, price $1.25.

FERRIS HOLLOW, by the author of "Jessica's First Prayer;" 160 pages, price 75c.

DORA'S BIRTHDAY, a juvenile, by Edward J. Ellis; 192 pages, two beautifully colored engravings, price $1.00.

ADAM PAGE, Esq., a novel; 354 pages, price $1.25.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THOMAS MORE, by the author of "Mary Powell;" 258 pages, price $1.00.

ANNIE AND PIERRE, or Our Father's Letter, a book for the holidays, by K. M.; 241 pages, price $1.00.

BREAKING THE RULES, a Tale of School Boy Life; 228 pages, price $1.25.

TELE GAS CONSUMER'S GUIDE, a handbook on the proper management and economical use of gas; 148 pages, price 25c.

TOM GILLIES, the Knots he Tied and Untied, by Mrs. George Gladstone; 345 pages, price $1.25.

HOME STORIES, a collection of short and entertaining tales; 300 pages, price $1.25.

LIFE

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**WESTERN MANAGERS.**


### A CURIOUS CASE.

**Negros and Whites Can Now Play Cards Together in Tennessee.**

Special to the Cincinnati Commercial.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 15.—A curious case has just been decided by the Supreme Court of Tennessee, which, had the decision been adverse, the case would have been taken to the Supreme Court of the United States. In several counties of Lower East Tennessee, several white men were indicted in the State Criminal Court for playing cards with negros. This was under an old statute, which, strangely enough, has survived the vicissitudes of reconstruction and never been repealed. The statute provides that any white man guilty of playing cards with a negro slave or free man of color should be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and subjected to fine and imprisonment. The Circuit Judge charged the grand juries that this statute, so far as it referred to a free man of color, was law to-day, and under his instruction many indictments were found against white men for playing cards with colored men. Gambling was not necessary to constitute the offense. The Supreme Court discharged all the defendants, taxing the State with the costs, upon the ground that the "results of the war," and Constitutional amendments had, in effect, repealed the law making card playing with "free men of color" a crime.

### THURMAN'S MISTAKE.

**He Made It when He Swallowed the Soft Money Doctrine by Overpersuasion.**

Special Despatch to the Cincinnati Gazette.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—The Tribune says Sen. Thurman's son-in-law, ex-Gov. McCormick, in replying to a recent remark that Sen. Thurman had been premature in declaring for soft money, said: "That was the greatest mistake of his life. Thurman allowed himself to be brought to the belief, however, that it was his duty to agree with his party in Ohio. He ought to have said: 'My views are the Democratic views, and you must come to me.' To oblige some of his friends and supporters, he took that fatal step. If he had held out he would have been at the present moment, if not his own successor in the Senate, the central figure of the hard money Democracy, both East and West."


**Answers to Many Correspondents.**

In reply to numerous inquiries from our readers, concerning the wonderful qualities of the Great German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil—mentioned in our last issue—we would inform them that the article may be obtained from our retail druggists, or by their aid. Ask for St. Jacobs Oil, and if the dealer does not keep it in stock, he will be able to procure it in a few days from the wholesale houses. We understand there is already an immediate demand for the remedy, which is not so very surprising when it is considered what it is daily accomplishing in the way of relief and cures, bordering, in some instances, on the miraculous.

**A Favorite Youth's Paper.**

The *Youth's Companion*, of Boston, has steadily grown in public favor for more than 50 years, and is now one of the most admirably conducted papers in the country. It has recently been increased in size, and is illustrated by our best artists.

**A Lucky Trio of Firemen.**

Three of the members of Engine Company No. 12, of New York City, are rejoicing in a surplus of wealth acquired honestly, but very rapidly. They sent the old woman who acts as the janitress of the Engine House, with a dollar to buy a half ticket in the October drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. She went to some purpose, for they drew on their investment Five Thousand Dollars in gold, and they feel reinvested. To know what the odds are, address M. A. Dauphin, P. O. Box 692, New Orleans, La., or same person at No. 319 Broadway, New York City, N. Y., before December 16th, when the extraordinary distribution under the sole management of Generals G. T. Beauregard and Jubal A. Early will take place.

**Holiday Presents.**

A Piano or Organ is the most suitable Holiday Present that can ever be made. Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, of Washington, New Jersey, offers elsewhere in this issue splendid bargains for Holiday Presents. Mayor Beatty's celebrated Pianos and Organs are giving entire satisfaction, and we know that our readers will do well to purchase of him.

So great has been the demand for these celebrated instruments within the last few months, that Mr. Beatty has been compelled to erect a new mammoth factory at Washington, New Jersey, corner of Railroad avenue and Beatty street.

Read his advertisement and send for his Illustrated Newspaper, Holiday Edition, before you purchase.

**Five Dollars or One.**

One of the most liberal offers of the Nineteenth Century is made in this issue of our paper by the Turner Manufacturing Co., of Boston. They give to each purchaser of that unrivalled musical invention, Mason's Charts, a copy of the Musical Album, retail price $4. Any one can learn to play on the piano of organ in one day, by using those Charts.

*Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer* will positively restore gray hair to its original color. Give it a trial.


## Correspondence.

### MAKING THE MOST OF ONESELF.

Correspondence of Toledo BLADE.

A case in the city papers within the last fortnight is so apt an illustration of the character and aims of a large class of women, that it may well be considered here. The account in the New York *World* is this:

Emma L., a slender girl, neatly dressed in gray, was brought to the Tombs yesterday as a prisoner, on a charge of insanity laid by her half-brother John, a tall, bearded West Virginian, who accompanied her. L. told the Court that he had been sent by his father to induce his sister to return home to Randolph County, from which she had fled three years ago. She was insane and had been for a number of years, and his father wanted to leave her where she could be properly cared for. He arrived in New York on Tuesday, and getting the aid of the police, finally found his sister living in Ninth street. She had refused to go home with him, and he had brought her to Court.

The girl looked at her half-brother indignantly while he was speaking, and when he had done, said: "I will tell you the history of a part of my life, Your Honor, and you can judge for yourself whether I am crazy or not. This man has not come on here out of any love or even friendship for me, for if they loved me why did they drive me away? My name is Emma L., at least so I call myself, for I would not for the world tell my mother's or my own father's name. My father was a gentleman and my grandfather was a well-known lawyer and an associate of Judge Tucker, the author of 'Tucker's Commentaries.' My father died and my mother married Mr. D. We were treated like the slaves on the plantation, both of us. I was flogged and whipped till I thought I should die, and I carry the marks yet. I had not sufficient food, and the room in which I slept in a log hut was so battered in that the rain in Summer and the snow in Winter came in upon me. I decided to become insane. On the very suspicion of such a thing I was thrust into the State asylum. At the end of a year I was released, but my mother had died in the mean time." (The prisoner's eyes overflowed with tears, but she kept straight on with her story.) "She had left $15,000 which was to come to me. My father held it. Much as I wanted it, I resolved to run away from him and leave the settlement for another time. A Miss Blackburn of Roxbury, Conn., took me to Philadelphia with her in October, 1876, and introduced me to the Christian Association. I got a situation as maid to a lady in Spruce street, and for two years managed to get along comfortably. I practised drawing and painting and gave lessons. I came to New York a year ago because I heard I could sell my work better here. Almost as soon as I got here I found in a store a piece of china marked $16 which I had decorated in Philadelphia and sold for $2.50. I have given lessons in drawing, coloring photographs and decorating china for the past year. I write, too, whenever I can get a chance. I got this dress by writing for some of the papers. Judge, I am perfectly able to get along, and I am 24 years old."

"What do you say to this?" asked Judge Killereth of L.

"I deny most of it," he answered.

"But you say she was insane. I don't see much insanity," continued the Justice.

"Well she's been in an asylum," Long said.

"Oh, yes, I'm insane because I don't like to be beaten over the head and kicked. It hurts me, I suppose, because I'm insane. I presume it is agreeable to people who have all their senses," retorted Miss Long sharply.

"This insanity was brought on, the physicians say, by a spinal affection," interrupted the Judge.

"Y," exclaimed the girl her eyes flashing, "and that affection, which has deformed me, was caused by kicks from my father."

L. said his sister had been a great expense to his father, who had given a bond of $500 for her behavior when she came from the asylum, and had to pay her board in several places in this city. Here L. put in: "Well, as long as I am to be made a show of to the public I might as well take the opportunity of advertising my goods," and she had a number of colored photographs one by one, on the desk. Justice Killereth finally said: "It does not seem to me that the girl is in any way insane. She is a little eccentric, but certainly perfectly harmless, and as she is of age she is discharged."

The girl picked up her pictures and started out. Her brother approached her and handed her two $10 bills, saying, "Emma, I may never see you again; take these." "I hope you never will," she replied, "but as it is my own money you are giving me I will take it," and thrusting it in her pocket she turned on her heel and was off.

Permit me to append to this highly colored story some personal knowledge of the heroine:

One raw morning last Spring, on the ferry boat, my notice was drawn to a slight, strange looking girl near the door. She was poorly dressed, and her dress showed her from the back country, the rusty alpaca reaching only to the tops of her shoes, the short jacket, years out of date, the old hat trimmed by an unused hand, the worn satchel, all marked her as distinct Eve from the factory girls who preserve a certain jauntiness in their poverty stricken dress. The forlorn appearance of the girl appealed to me. She was pallid with exhaustion, and there was a wildness in her look and actions as she hurried front and then rushed back, standing, though there were seats, that it crossed my mind here was a friendless creature, distracted and desperate—perhaps ready for suicide. With this notion in my head, I watched her and followed her closely on shore without attracting her notice. No friend met her, and she turned into the women's waiting room at the ferry. Remembering a shy girl who set foot in New York years before with the burden of strangeness upon her, I stepped to inquire if she knew her way. Then, recalling how a certain pettitious plainness of appearance has drawn upon me the benevolent interest of missionary-minded ladies, who see in the fagged correspondent, going to home and cheer from her desk a subject for anxious advice and good offices as one utterly friendless, I turned to go about my own business. Then the principle came up, which settles all such cases, that if there was no need of sympathy, a word would make it clear, and I would only suffer by a moment's mortification, while if here were some one friendless and destitute, what misery might there be for her, what regret for me if help went by without a word. There are moments when the show of human courtesy raises the sinking courage, and supports the nerveless spirit, as bread and wine for the famished body. Who dares withhold it?

The stranger was in the ladies' room, shaking down her lovely hair, at the glass, and talking to the clean old Irish roomkeeper, in a precise, queer way, refusing all common civilities from the attendant like one unused to politeness. I asked old Annie, aside if she knew the girl. She answered with the immediate decision of the lower classes on anything out of the common way "the girl is cracked." There was a strangeness in the girl's manner when I put down to fatigue from long journeying. I plucked up courage and said, "you seem to be a stranger. Are you acquainted in the City?"

"Thank you, I can take care of myself" was the answer in the coolest, most non-committal tone.

This extreme distrust, while it showed her unused to the world, was proper for a girl ignorant of those among whom she was thrown. I left her and was on the street again, when that pale, friendless face drew me back again. I could not go till I knew she would be cared for.

"I do not want to be officious," I said, "but I can't rest till I know you are sure of your way, for you look very ill."

Her thin frigidity thawed. She had been sick and was alone, but had letters to friends in the city. Could I tell her if the women's boarding house was really respectable? She had the morbid distrust of every person and thing natural to an ignorant, but not unwarned girl. Assuring her of the respectability of Miss Leggett's home for working women, to show her my good faith I gave her my office address on the end of a circular, which caught her eye. "Oh, did I know anything about the typewriter, and how much a girl earned by it?" I could tell her about the rattling necessary sentence, and that the average wages of six Remington operators was $8 a week.

"Only that and I wanted to earn a great deal of money. I am tired of drudging and being looked down upon." She had found her tongue by this time and it was a fluent one. "She had been dragged down and trampled on, by haughty rich ladies, and she wanted to show she could be as good as the best. She had been working for her living all her life, and she had been told she was fit for something better. An editor had advised her to come on and learn the typewriter, and given her letters to some of his friends, and——"

By this time I felt a revulsion, and such qualms as one feels at the first heave of ocean. The same old cant phrase, "Dragged down and trampled on." The women who weekly make this whine are fit for little better than being in the dust. If she wanted to make money, I told her she had better go to farming than copying.

"She had thought of going on a ranche in Kansas, or Colorado, if she could get some one to go with her. She was tired of being looked down on by fine ladies. She would rather be first in a little western village than low down at the East, in the ranks of serfs and white slaves."

My indignation rose as it always does to hear these vaporings of feebleness and conceit.

"Whether she was first or fourth rate, was settled for her when she was born, and she could not, by taking thought, add one cubic to her stature. All she could do, or any one could do, was to make the best of the station where God had placed them, and if she was 15th rate by nature, she would be the same in Nebraska that she would be here. It was what one did, not one's position, that settles matters here and hereafter."

I know she never heard such plain speaking in her life, for I will merely remark that I despise bosh, and mean till I die to hold to the habit of speaking plain facts in plain speech. She took it in good part, and promised to call at the office. I went my way, wondering why men and women could not be content with doing good work without caring whether they were in the leading file or not. It seems such hopeless vulgarity to care so much about the stamp and the reward of work, rather than the quality of the work itself. Some weeks after I entered the office to find the polite young secretary who usually did the courtesies of the large newspaper to chance comers, in a state of mild protest over a queer caller who had come to inquire whether Shirley Dare was a woman whose acquaintance she was safe in making. He said he had had assured her of the esteem in which Mrs. T—— was held by those who knew her, in terms not necessary to repeat. But office etiquette does not bid casual inquirers to sit down, and she was in a state of fume because the wild backwoods woman as he called her, had snapped out with the vicious ill manner of primitive breeding, "Well, I should think you might be polite enough to ask me to take a seat after climbing these stairs." To have his polished manners called in question by such a specimen was enough to disturb the even temper of the youngest reporter himself. I could excuse her, knowing how four long flights of stairs can tire a woman, and I felt the keenest sympathy for the untaught girl, with her shallow ambition, echoing the stereotyped cries the world has put into the mouths of workingmen and women, without a single practical notion how to protect or support herself, coming to the City with a wild notion that her crude talent, her interesting appearance and her woes were stock in trade for her fortune. She was rather pretty, very slight, with a colorless, delicate; complexion, small features, and half-curling chestnut hair but with the stamp of the "poor white" on every feature, in the sharp sarcastic expression, in the furtive, gleaming eyes and cruel lips, in the ungrammatical commonness of phrase which contrasted with her picked-up sentiment like a cast-off ball-dress over a beggar's rags.

Young women, let me entreat you to learn the accomplishment of speaking as as plain people do, not as the heroines of stories do, or as a Gail Hamilton or George Eliot write in essays, or as the characters in Dickens' novels talk. Imagine a human being, let alone a little seamstress, talking in balanced phrase and high-fetched sentiment as "Little Dorrit" uses. Don't talk of your "physique" when you mean your body, or the "rationale" of things when you mean the reason for them. There was a fine absurdity in the style this child of nature had formed for herself, affecting the artificial, high pitched phrase and languid gentility of some fashionable woman, catching at the latest new words, talking about her "cult" and "dramatic nature" with the twang and accent of West Virginia unsubdued through it all, and dropping into unkempt grammar at which the kitchen would blush.

Soon after, I heard that, falling ill and being unable to pay her board, the people at the boarding house had her removed to the Presbyterian Hospital, which, like a prejudiced Calvinist, receives all comers without asking after means or creed. I was not well enough all Summer to reach the Hospital, and late in the Summer she presented herself at the cozy office of a business woman where I often rest, down town. How I wanted to take her in hand as she came forward, and teach her some womanly arts which would make her poverty less painfully conspicuous. A girl half trained would know enough to press the pleced merino, remade with all the wrinkles of washing, and leave off the ragged, rusty laces and ends of fringe which hung like tags about her, would have at least ironed the rusty net veil and smoothed the washed-out ribbon. There was an effort at style in the dress and fichu, which would have been less dismal without it. It was painful to see a young creature so ignorant of the indispensable arts of her sex, wearing the shabbiness which belongs to age and decrepitude. There is a shabbiness in overtasked women which plainly comes from want of time for thirteen occupations when the hands are full with a dozen, and a shabbiness which comes of want of perception, and a practised eye will detect the difference. There was the same finery of language, with the rags of bad grammar and expression beneath. She told her story skilfully, by degrees, for she was not wanting in native talent, with hints of a deeper romance behind, which came out in the story told in open court. She had been held down, wronged by kindred; she had sworn to be avenged when her time should come, and she would win recognition from the world; she knew she had talents; gentlemen had offered to educate her for opera, had advised her to keep up that her talent must bring her success, in one way or another. She felt she needed culture, and time to make an impression, and she besought my aid in finding something to pay her expenses while she studied. She had left her home in the South, and her cruel relations had braved her way to independence and the position she felt belonged to her. It was quite a treat to hear her pronounce the word "position" with the lofty air of the heroine she had determined on as the part for herself. She had gone to Philadelphia and taken the place of attendant at the Christian Association reading rooms, while the regular incumbent was away for vacation. But Philadelphia was not the place for her, its people were too lofty and indifferent, too rich, too pious, of too high family to care whether such as she lived or died. She had to suppress herself there, she had to give up her habit of smoking at the rooms, and she had borne it till she could not endure without some smoke. It would have horrified the old maids of the Christian Association if they had known, and she used to go in the ladies' room when no one was there, stop all the keyholes and cracks with paper, take out her pipe and have a good smoke. She thought she should have died without it. Of what church was it? I did not believe in churches did I? She thought I was too far advanced to be bound by creeds, and bow down to the fetish of religion. Her tongue was loosened at this point. She scorned the churches, with their lust and creed, making religion a cloak for the worst hypocrisy, men and women given up the practice of the vilest crimes, which freethinkers like herself would not soil their souls to think of. Apropos, would I tell her what was best to do to earn some money?

The time had not yet come to stop her libel, so I asked what she could do. I knew nothing in demand so much as dressmakers, and could put her in the way of learning the work."

"Oh, no, her physique was too delicate to allow her to run the sewing machine. She had a genius for millinery, she thought, but there was no chance for making anything while she was a learning. She had taken lessons in photograph coloring and china painting, and she wished I could see some of her work. She adored art. Her whole soul responded to its touch, and souls was not made to starve, was they? I would not tell her that. My face showed that the divine in me was fed."

Yes, I told her it was, on good, hard, honest work, from blacking stoves to writing books, and that I hadnt stopped in a good many years to ask myself whether I wished to do so and so, but only what was to be done.

She laughed her dry little laugh, and went on to dilate on the enormities of the church again. People had told her that to get influence she must attend church and get in with the church people. The rich filled the churches and supported the gospel to get protection for their sins. What honest infidel would not blush at the corruption there, and the impurity and baseness of their hearts. One old lady with her rich satin bonnet strings had warned her against the temptations in the world, and she felt insulted by it. There was no temptation for her, her soul was too lofty and pure, her nature too fine to feel temptation. The impurity lay in that woman's unclean imagination, its diseased workings," etc., *ad nauseum*, only I stopped her.

"You are mistaken," I said. "Just stop right there. That woman, and all women who know anything of the world, know it is full of temptation, and the most innocent natures are in most danger from it. She meant kindly and wisely, and you ought to thank her for it. There isn't much use in warning people, but you can't live alone in the city without finding that evil counts none too good for its attacks, and the strongest and wisest walk carefulest."

She had told a friend of hers, a lawyer she met over at Anthony Comstock's Society, about what this old lady said to her, and he said nobody had such unclean minds as these pious women, and told her to ask the woman how she came to know that men were so bad, and the world so full of danger.

"I've heard that before," I said," and never but from a man who was as black-hearted himself as he could be. Tell that man it isn't his fault, or that of any like him, if all women don't know from their own experience, that men are bad and temptation common. If you don't look out, you have some hard lessons before you."

She guessed she could be equal to the occasions. She found the churches corrupt, and she went to the spiritualist meetings. That was her church, the church of the poor. It had more rich members than any church of the size, but all were on an equality, and the people there you could get something out of, for they were pretty free to those they got interested in. She thought she should become a medium herself; she had the mediumistic temperament, and could reel it off as well as any of them, and it paid better than anything." All this without a blush of shame at the idea of a career of barefaced imposture. She had several rich people interested in her up there, she only had to talk to them long enough to impress them, and she could get up the inspiration to suit. She had written some poetry last Sunday after hearing Cora Hatch speak, it seemed like a continuation of the thought. Would I read it, and she drew out a scrap of a copy book with the very worst writing and spelling I ever saw, without rhyme or metre. The Sweet Singer of Michigan would have owned a rival in the strain which dwelt on the very original idea that this life was a prelude to a higher state and the thirst of the soul was quenched in eternity's fountain. And the poor thing wanted to know if she could make money by writing such trash, and tells the Judge on the bench she has been paid for what no editor in the world would read through, unless for amusement.

It was difficult to find any work that would suit this adventurous damsel, as it usually is with women of her spirit. Sometimes I doubt it is work they are after. She pleaded that she could not pay her board, but no known occupation that would earn five dollars a week was acceptable. In despair I asked if she would learn to make shoulder braces, for women, light work at which a neat sewer could earn a dollar a day with ease. Orders for the braces were lying unfinished for weeks; those who would take them could not sew well enough and those who could, were bent on earning five dollars a day rather than one. Nothing but china painting and photograph coloring would do for this dainty ambition. She talked of farming. But when my practical friend and I spoke of raising small fruits and gardening, her idea was driving behind a span of thousand dollar horses and overseeing 20 work hands. Just so I have known young society men, filled with the notion of cattle-raising on a ranche, who could not carry a market basket home, or handle books for a library because it was too heavy for their strength. We parted, she to try to interest some one to find home and income for her while she pursued her vague plans of education. She came again to the office when I was away, to bring a specimen of her china painting which my friend refused to receive or allow in her rooms. "Such a daub," she said indignantly, "I wouldn't have it seen here." I should pronounce her story of seeing her china sold for $14 an entire fabrication, and from the falsity of her pretensions I am not afraid to assert that the Judge at the Tombs listened to as choice a specimen of romance as ever graced a sensational weekly. Between a prettyish, artful girl and a plain West Virginia brother, who had not the readiness or the will to expose her duplicity, the Judge could hardly decide otherwise than he did. I fear the excuse of insanity is hardly to be found for her. She is a specimen of the sharp, heartless women who throng the cities, determined to make a living without work, cruel, greedy and cold as she showed herself in her last words to the brother who had sought her sorrowing. That her story in Court was false is quite plain to every observing person, for a cruel step-father who had defrauded a girl out of a fortune would not take the pains to get her back, when she had once left him in possession, or offer to pay her bills. Ridiculing the plain, kind-hearted people who tried to help her, abusing the church whose charity had given her a bed and roof through her sickness, laughing at the dupes of her spiritualistic professions, ready for any fraud that would bring in money, she is a type of the women made by the materialism of our century, conscienceless and coarse, scorning work and workers, the *petroleuse* of the commune, the assassin nihilist of Russia, the theosoph of New York, when not its Woodhull, its Restill, or its trance medium. Without the saving salt of love of their kind, or love of work, they make womanhood fit for nothing but to be thrown out and trodden under foot of men.

THE AUTHOR OF "UGLY GIRL PAPERS."


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### LETTERS FROM BUCKEYE.

**The Political Situation—The Great Meeting of the Army of the Cumberland and the Thomas Statue—The Meeting of Congress—The Bayard Boom.**

Correspondence of the BLADE.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13, 1879.

Immediately after the New York election the Democratic papers, especially those in the interest of Tilden, raised a shout all over the country that John Kelley and Tammany Hall had been effectually killed and would never be heard of again in any general election. Then, as the returns came in and it began to be seen that the Republicans had swept the State and carried off all the fruits of the contest, there was a general agreement that whatever else the election had done it had disposed of the claims of Mr. Tilden, and that he was a good deal deader than John Kelley. Taken together these indications of the Democratic situation are significant. They seem to imply that both factions are in a bad way, and that Tildenism and Kelleyism can hardly be comfortable in the same bed. That, too, is about the way it strikes the under signed

There was worst two cats in Kilkenny,
And each thought the other too many;
So they fell to and fit,
And they clawed and they bit,
Till, 'espin' their nails,
And the tips of their tails,
Instead of *two*, there wasn't *any*.

That, if we may believe the Democratic newspapers, is the up-shot of Tilden's management in New York. The utter hopelessness of the situation seems to be felt in every direction, and the party is wild over the unexpected result. The momentous question is, how to repair damages and get the demoralized forces in line of battle for 1880. Some propose to fall back on Bayard; some are calling in piteous accents for Seymour to come forward and take the Empire State out of its dilemma; some propose a ticket composed of Potter and McDonald, because one lives in New York and the other in Indiana, the two States that the Solid South must carry in order to reinstate the Confederacy. But no proposition seems to meet the demands of the occasion. Tilden is not so dead as to let go his grip on the party and no proposition is made or can be made which does not find him in the way. The Democrats seem to be shut up to two alternatives. First, they may turn their back on John Kelley, crush out Tammany, nominate Mr. Tilden and rely on the barrel to carry New York; or second, they may give up Tilden and his money, abandon the solid South, and organize the party on some patriotic, respectable basis for future success, and trust to honesty and good conduct for their approval upon the people.

New York comes in better than was anticipated at the writing of my last letter, but not so well as to completely disconcert the Confederate brigadiers from making an earnest effort to annex it to the Solid South. As compared with Ohio, Iowa, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, etc., the election shows the malign influence of personal politics. Mr. Cornell was removed from the New York Custom House, unfortunately as we think, by the administration of President Hayes and against the earnest protest of Sen. Conkling. Hence it was that his nomination for Governor by the persistent efforts of Sen. Conkling was regarded by many as a blow, a sort of slap in the face, of the administration, and was the cause of great dissatisfaction all over the State. The administration refused to regard the nomination in this light, and did what it could to restore the harmony of the party, but the effect was to check the tidal wave and imperil the safety of the ticket.

But, in spite of every obstacle, the victory is so complete as to be very disheartening to the Democratic party. On this point the New York *Herald* has the following very sensible observations!

The natural inference from the nearly equal division of the State between the two great parties is that nothing is really been decided by the election, and that New York must be classed as doubtful in the Presidential contest. A fuller survey of the situation may show that this inference should be accepted with a great reserve, or rather should be rejected entirely, for, all things considered, the chances preponderate in favor of a Republican victory in this State next year. The fact that the Republicans have elected a whole State ticket with one (or possibly two) exceptions, and have secured a majority of more than two thirds in both branches of the Legislature, is of itself favorable to a Republican success next year, although the slender majority for State officers might be overcome by the Democrats with a popular candidate. But the patronage which will be employed against them presents a new obstacle which they cannot put out of the way.

The *Herald* draws it mild, but the facts which it cites cannot be misunderstood. All the power of the Government, the distribution of the offices, the political machinery, the means for accomplishing political ends through officers paid by the State, and of correcting laws passed in the interest of Democratic supremacy, fall at once into the hands of the Republicans, already shown to be in the majority. Under such circumstances, they may, to be sure, throw away their opportunities; but if they use them with ordinary sagacity they cannot fail to build up and strengthen their power. In the Republican party New York is therefore one of the States which is regarded as sure to give its vote for the Republican candidate for President next year, and the quandary of the Democrats is as to how it can be prevented. It is just here, that the Tilden mortgage makes it so very inconvenient for his party. If he was only out of the way there might be some hope.

The big tent for the Thomas ceremonies has gone up on the public grounds near the Presidential mansion and the greatest activity prevails throughout the City in getting ready for the crowd that has already begun to arrive. The tent will have a board floor and will be splendidly illuminated, gas having been specially piped to the locality for the purpose. All the flags of the departments have been laid under contribution for purposes of ornamentation, and flowers will be largely culled from the President's green-house, many pictures will be hung, and among them Miss Ransom's portrait of the sturdy form of the dead warrior. At the circle where the monument is to stand, large gangs of workmen are busy, and the understanding is that the ornamentation is to be very elaborate and elegant. Then, the houses in the vicinity, which include those of Gen. Schenck, Senator Morrill, of Vermont, Judge Wylee, Dr. Thompson, etc., are to be draped with flags and other emblems suited to the occasion. The streets will also be largely decorated with flags and streamers, and a very large military procession is to give impressiveness and life to the occasion. All the trunk railroad lines are carrying passengers who come to Washington in the interest of the great meeting at half fare and large provision is being made at the hotels for a great crowd of visitors. The ceremonies, the visit to Mt. Vernon, and the military display, will occupy Tuesday and Wednesday (18th and 19th) next week.

The long session of Congress is now near at hand and many members who are on committees or have special work in hand can already be seen on our streets. Among the most prompt is always Alexander H. Stephens, who arrived at his quarters in the National Hotel several days ago. His health is said to be unusually good, but interviewers do not find him very anxious to talk about the political situation. In fact Democrats generally less prone to spread themselves than they were a few weeks ago, and it is quite evident that the Representatives of the Solid South do not feel particularly elated over their investment of political capital in the extra session.

The Bayard boom goes on famously and seems to have been helped by his little reception speech, which was made in a very quiet way. Mr. Bayard was the object of much political persecution at the extra session and came very near losing his place at the head of an important Committee, because he would not follow Thurman in selling out to the rag baby. But recent events have put a new face on "Democratic principles" and his star rises while poor Thurman sets. If the Democrats have the courage to thrust Tilden aside and organize the party on an honest basis, Mr. Bayard will almost certainly be their man. He is a high-toned Southerner, and sufficiently devoted to the doctrine of States' Rights to answer all the demands of the South, but on financial issues he has maintained a respectable position giving him a standing before the country far above that to which his mere ability would entitle him.

BUCKEYE.

**Indications of Important Changes in the South—Let us have Peace.**

Correspondence of the BLADE.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17, 1879.

The Newspaper Interviewer has given new interest to his calling within a few days, by exposing something of the inner life of the Democratic party. That "solid" party is evidently having great wrestlings of mind over the situation. The result in New York has knocked "the spots" out of the Solid South, and, as a consequence, everybody seems to be complaining of everybody. Southern Democrats lay the blame on Northern Democrats. Northern Democrats say the South was too independent, it is said by some that "old Tilden is bound to wreck the party," and by others, that John Kelley, just for a little patronage, has ruined all its prospects.

There is a wide-spread feeling throughout the party that the battle, as set for next year, is lost, and that the whole program must be changed. But the trouble is that no change from one candidate to another affords any chance of success. As one of the leaders said a day or two ago: "Old Tilden won't allow anybody but himself to have any chance." In the depths of these troubles the indications are increasing that the solid South will break up earlier than was expected, and that many of its most influential leaders are, even now, meditating a movement in favor of Grant. Several prominent Southern men, now in this city, are outspoken against the present policy of the South, and declare that it is to their interest and the interest of the country that sectionalism shall cease and the attitude of the South change.

Then, as you have seen, William H. Felton, member of Congress from the Seventh District of Georgia, has just published a letter in which he openly severs his connection with the Democratic party. He does not tell us that he will act with the Republican party, but he would not publish such a letter without having some object in view, and the reading of it here is that he desires to open the way for the support of Gen. Grant. It is known that Alexander H. Stephens is in close intimacy with Mr. Felton and has long been the steadfast friend of Grant, and that Congressman Speer, another member from Georgia, sympathizes with them and is prepared to act with them if a way should be opened.

There have been several intimations before of a Grant boom in Georgia, but they were regarded as the sensational vaporings of newspapers, and no attention was paid to them. But it appears from these facts that the South is meditating a change of program, and that many of her people desire to put themselves *en rapport* with the people of the North. It may be expected, I think, that other members of the present Congress will follow in the lead of Mr. Felton, and it is not quite sure that, with the accessions from California and the independent action which the late elections will inspire, the Democrats can hold their power even in the present Congress.

On Saturday evening the *Star*, which appears to be working up this Southern boom in favor of Grant, had among other things relating to it, a letter from Atlanta devoted mostly to the State Fair lately held at Macon, but closing up with the following paragraph relating to political affairs:

"Many leading men in the State are free to say that the late elections clearly point to a change in the political complexion of the next Congress, and greatly simplify the issues of 1880. An ex-Governor of Georgia, whose late administration was thoroughly Democratic, told me the other day that if Gen. Grant would, at the proper time, make a visit to the South and assure the people here that if elected he would be the President of the whole country and not administer the Government nor dispense its favors in the interest of any section, he would carry this and other Southern States, without a peradventure. I assure you there is a strong feeling in his favor among conservative Democrats of character and influence. However this may be, there is one thing we think demonstrably certain; and that is, that if Hon. A. H. Stephens were put second on the ticket with Gen. Grant it would carry every State south of the Potomac, and the Northern and Western States as well. Mr. S is universally acknowledged to be a patriot and a statesman of wonderful popularity and a great admirer of the distinguished ex-President, while the latter has full confidence in the integrity and talents of the great Georgian."

Of course whoever knows Grant will not expect him to meet these conditions, but it is interesting to know what the Southern mind is thinking about. It would not accept Pres. Hayes with all his pledges and his generous conduct; and it would be a curious illustration of character if it should turn to Grant who put down the Ku Klux, defended the rights of the freedmen, stationed troops within the Southern States to keep the peace and compelled the turbulent spirits to behave themselves. But such are the vicissitudes of our political affairs.

BUCKEYE.


**"Masterly Inactivity" the Best.**

Philadelphia North American.

Senator Bayard will increase the esteem in which he is generally held, by the rebuke to the political intriguers who wanted his name to conjure with. The Presidential boom business is altogether overdone. All this pipelaying and wire pulling is sadly out of keeping with the dignity and responsibilities of the Presidency, and the statesmen who are on the anxious bench would further their own interests by confining themselves to a masterly inactivity. The scramble that goes on is neither pleasing nor profitable.

# TUTT'S PILLS

SYMPTOMS OF A

## TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness with disturbed dreams, highly colored Urine. IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.

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"In my practice of 15 years, I pronounce TUTT'S PILLS the best anti-bilious medicine ever made."

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# The Household.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this Department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write Household Department on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Post Office address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

### A Novel Window-box.

Thinking a few practical remarks on the culture of house-plants may interest some, I will give a little of my experience. I could have fine thrifty plants, but not enough flowers in Winter to suit me; so I have been studying and laboring until I have at last a prospect of success. I belong to that class of whom a florist speaks as having "fine taste and little money," and it is for the benefit of such persons I write.

I have only had five years' experience with house plants and, after reading this no one need be afraid to try it. My home is in a small village on a high, bleak prairie, without shelter from north winds, and in a fearfully cold climate. Our house is a frame, plastered, a mere shell, and my sitting room is very small, 13x14, heated by an air tight stove; a carpet on the floor, and lighted by one south window, three by six feet, and a glass door north; and I do all my own housework, and have very poor health.

Now, could any circumstances be more "adverse," unless—ah, yes, unless—I had no south window, and no Postoffice, and no "John" to help me. So the "moral of this mournful tale," is no conditions are so bad but might be worse. A true love of flowers will overcome all obstacles, and the labor they exact soon becomes a pleasure.

A few plants, neatly arranged, impart an air of refinement to a room nothing else can. And the conditions they require are beneficial to our own health. Plants need cleanliness, pure, moist air, and sunshine, and these are necessary to the enjoyment of vigorous health of human beings. Science teaches that plants during the day absorb carbonic acid gas, the poisonous principle of the air, and give out oxygen, the vital principle of life, and it is easy to understand that a few plants, not to produce too much moisture, would keep the air of a room pure, and therefore be useful in a sanitary point of view.

First, I had my plants on a table in front of the window, but they did not do well; some were shaded by others from the sun, though a few would bloom. I took an old kitchen table, had the legs sawed off till it stood 15 inches from the floor, even with the window sill; the top was sawed off within two inches of the frame all round, leaving it three feet long and two wide. Inside of the frame was placed a sheet iron pan two feet and two inches long and 18 inches wide, to hold hot water, a small spout at the corner to draw it out, pan fastened in with boards nailed underneath. Around the top was nailed edgewise boards five inches wide, nicely carved on top edge. Then unite this, on both ends and front side against the frame, were nailed small carved brackets five inches apart, giving a nice finish. Small holes were made all over the top with an auger to let steam up round the plants; a large one in one corner to put in water, the whole then stained a walnut color and given two coats of varnish, and behold! a window-garden that would cost $10, at least, at stores.

An old table, a few boards of a dry-goods box, with the aid of "John's" skill in carving, transformed into "a thing of beauty," and a joy for the present. But apart from its beauty, its utility is of more importance. The side boards protect pots from the cold air of the floor, and the hot water gives bottom heat needed to make plants bloom in Winter, and the steam supplies warm, moist air for tops, and counteracts the dry heat of the room. I also keep a pan of water on the stove.

Along the window, under the table, I put bright oilcloth two yards long and over a yard wide, so I can sprinkle tops without soiling the carpet. My husband gave me two pairs of window brackets, holding six pots; and on these, fastened to the frame on the upper part of the window, and two small wooden ones for lower down, I put my vines and drooping plants, and with a hanging basket of Smilax for the center of the top, and my beautiful window garden of blooming plants for the lower part. I have a lovely window.

Now, unfortunately, in this climate these plants would not last long at a window in a frame house, with the fire gone out on a piercing cold night. This, too, I have provided for. A large wardrobe for hanging clothes, standing a few feet from the window, has been fixed to hold them nights. I first pasted paper all over inside, and tacked newspapers over that, six or eight thicknesses, and on the inside of doors and outside of back, which is drawn a few inches from the cold wall, and filled the bottom a foot or more with old papers, or folded clothes, to keep out the cold from the floor, making it frost proof even if the fire goes entirely out. It was then filled with shelves to hold pots, which does not hurt it, as they are made and set in and easily taken out in Spring, but let the lining stay. Ladies may object that this is too much trouble, but ten minutes will suffice to put in at night, and the same to take out; and before taking out in the morning, I can open all the doors while sweeping and dusting, and this ought always to be done for the sake of our lungs, while the room gets a good airing and cleansing, which could not be done if plants were exposed to frosty air, besides saving time it would take to wash or clean them after dust of carpet sweeping. And then the pleasure of arranging plants around the window each day with new and charming effect. This plan, too, saves the trouble and expense of keeping fire all night, and the dread lest plants be frozen, and keeps one from getting too many, the great error of amateurs.—*Ex.*

### More About the Babies.

I want to tell the "Sisters" how I managed my baby. She is one year old, and has so far been a blessing to her mamma. I have had very little or no trouble with her. When she was quite small some of my friends advised me to never allow her to cry, as that was what made cross children. They would say, "Always take her up as soon as she begins to cry," while others would say, "Let her lie and learn to wait on you. If you commence by taking her up every time, you may expect to keep it up."

Now what was I, a young and inexperienced mother, to do with such advice from mothers who had grown children?

At first I tried taking her up whenever she would fret. The result was that she wanted to be taken up all the time; and the first time I was too busy to take her she nearly broke her little heart crying over it.

I next tried the other plan, but as may be supposed, it had a like result.

Now comes my own plan. This was after baby would take notice of anything. In the first place, when she would begin to cry I would go to her and see if she needed attention. If she was hungry, I let her nurse. If her clothes were wet and disagreeable, I changed them for warm dry ones. But if nothing was wrong with her, I would amuse her by talking to her, but would *not* take her up. As soon as she could creep I gave her plenty of playthings to amuse herself with, and last Summer I could go out and work in the garden and leave her in the house at play.

She is a good natured baby and will sit for an hour at a time and play. But sisters, you ought to see my floor sometimes, littered all over with playthings. But who would not rather walk over and pick up playthings than to have a cross baby? When I am at home, I can sit and sew for nearly half the day and she will not come near me.

But of course each one's baby is dearest to them. But if you want a good, playful, good-natured little one, give it plenty of playthings and teach it how to play with them. Don't put baby, playthings and all, down in a little heap on the floor and snap out: "There now, play. I don't know what makes you so cross, but play awhile yourself." Talk gently to the little one. Try and amuse it, and it will be amused.

I play with my little pet, and feel all the better for it, too. My baby will play with a book longer than anything else. I give her a small book that she can hold well in her little fat, chubby hands, and she will sit and turn the leaves and sing her sweet little cooing songs.

DEW PLANT.

Carthagena, O.

### A Shattered Idol.

This is the first time I have written to you. But I am disappointed and sad, so I come to you. One of the contributors for the Household has been an idol of mine. I have watched and waited for her letters and have rolled her words of instruction like a sweet morsel under my tongue. But, alas! my idol is shattered and broken, and some of the words in her letter to the Household last week, are more bitter than gall. I mean where she calls Philander's mother the "old creature," and tells about her "whooping around after chestnuts," and uses the sweet words, "My Mother, My Mother," in such a contemptuous manner.

For shame on you, oh, my broken and shattered idol. I have loved you so long and so much, only to find that you are clay, to step down from your ladyhood to speak such words of disrespect of anybody's mother. But while you have fallen, Philander has risen in my estimation, for the love he keeps warm in his heart for his mother. I shall vote early and often for Philander.

I honor my husband for the love he has for his dear departed mother. And though he very often says, "Ruth, I wish you could make pancakes as my mother used to,' I don't get mad, for I know I can not but will try and do the best I can. If she was living I would have her with me, and she should have the easiest chair and the sunniest corner, and I would try and make every day of her life happy. And if she needed a nice warm shawl, I would say to Boaz, (my husband) Your mother, Naomi, needs a new shawl, you get her one and I will wear my old sack one more winter, and if anyone has to gather chestnuts to get it with, I will do it for I am young and strong. I am a constant reader of the BLADE and would like to see the cause of the aged fathers and mothers advocated in the columns of the Household.

If what I have written finds favor in your columns, I will send bits of my experience in housekeeping. RUTH.

Barley Land.

### Hay Fever Again.

In the BLADE of Nov. 6th, P. C. S. asks, "Can Hay Fever be Cured?" and relates how she was relieved from it by going away 12 miles to a sick daughters where they had no "tame grass," to which the fever is attributed by her.

Permit me to demonstrate the fallacy of P. C. S.'s notions in this matter: Here in Kansas, where we have no "tame grass"—nothing but buffalo and blue-stem grasses"—there is no immunity from the inroads of hay fever. I have patients who, from the middle or latter part of June till September, are severe sufferers from this disease, proving that its cause does not depend on "tame grass." This year one of my worst patients went to the mountains of Colorado where he obtained immediate relief from asthma, from which he was free as long as he remained there. Immediately on his return the symptoms also returned. From this fact the conclusion is drawn that location and elevation have something to do with hay fever.

Doctors now think that these peculiar, distressing attacks have their origin in the nervous system, due to nerve excitation; but just what it is, is still an open question. Be it what it may, those who are so unfortunate as to be sufferers from it want relief.

The following prescription is offered to those who may choose to try it: Iodide of Potassium, two drachms, Tincture of Lobelia and Hoffman's Anodyne, each, two fluid drachms, Morphine, one grain, Syrup of Orange Peel, sufficient to make four fluid ounces, mix, take (for an adult) one or two teaspoonfuls three or four times a day.

This is not given as a universal panacea as there is none. But in many cases it proves of decided value. MEDICUS.

Wilson, Kan.

### School Government.

Bessie Victor in the BLADE of Sept. 4th seems inclined to the opinion that our schools should be governed by moral suasion alone, and corporal punishment be abandoned. But on that point I take leave to differ from Bessie. While I confess that corporal punishment, from its very nature, should be abandoned as far as possible, I believe that there are cases wherein we must use it. There are a great many good teachers in our country who do not possess the power to control every scholar with whom they meet in a life of teaching by love. The best of schools, as a rule, have some bad scholars who will not be governed by kindness, without taking advantage of it to the hurt of the school. And after deliberate thought upon the question, I believe that we, as teachers, could not afford to dispense with the use of the rod in school. In contrast to Bessie's assertion that "it always proved an injury to a scholar to whip him," I must say that I know of cases where the scholar was conquered by the use of the rod, and reduced from a wild and reckless character, to a submissive, obedient student; but such cases are comparatively few from the fact that such punishment has to be used only on the worst scholars. But, I would have it distinctly understood that I would not govern a school, or attempt to govern one, by such means alone, but would reserve it as a last resort. I am firm in the conviction that a good disposition, a neat appearance, a good deportment, and many other qualities essential to a manly character, are among the necessary qualities of a successful teacher, viz, A successful teacher must necessarily be a true gentleman or lady. PASCHAL COLLINS.

Bellmont, Ill.

### Flower Baskets, Etc.

I make nice frosting for cake this way: Take the whites of two eggs beat stiff, or until you can cut it with a knife, then sift in dry powdered sugar, all it will take up, spread quickly on cold cakes; set in the oven to dry. Sometimes I sprinkle dry sugar on the cake before putting in the oven. This hardens it.

A simple method of covering fresh flowers with alum crystallizations is as follows: Make baskets of pliable copper wire and wrap them in gauze. Into these tie at the bottom violets, ferns, geranium leaves, in fact, any flowers but full blown roses, and sink them in a solution of alum of one pound to the gallon of water—after the solution has cooled—as their colors will then be preserved in their original beauty, and the crystalized alum will hold faster than if dipped in a hot solution. When you have a light covering of distinct crystals that cover completely the articles, remove carefully and allow it to drain for twelve hours. Common willow or any fancy baskets for grasses or flowers are pretty dipped in this way, as are also cornucopias in any fancy design, or imitation coral receivers are each pretty for autumn leaves, ferns or grasses.

To make a husk door mat take a board the size and shape required for the mat, bore holes two inches apart with a three-quarter inch bit. Take as many corn husks as can be drawn into the holes by being doubled over a stout string. Draw the loop of husks through the holes so as to leave an equal portion on each side of each end to strengthen the board. Use on either side. The same board can be used again. BLACKBERRY.

### Cold Water Doctrine.

Yes, Fairley Dare, you are just splendid on all things, except Sunday soaking! When Common Sense says she would have to see it to believe in cold water washing, I feel like coming to the front with 20 years' experience. Have not boiled clothes in 20 years. Have washed for lumbermen, hay pressers, blacksmiths, coal carriers, besides having to raise four dirty boys on a farm. I vary my way to suit circumstances. Often lived where bleaching or ——— was impossible. Then I scald them. Have converted many.

Many women will read this and say, "Yes, she taught me. I soak over night in warm weather; in Winter put them to soak before breakfast, I do all my work, first wash out the clothes, and put them into the boiler of clear soft water (or cleansed, as we have to use it here in Kansas) put back in the tub and rub through the second time. It takes out all the soap left in, and they are then ready to rinse. My clothes are always white. Try the starching Mrs. H. tells about. It will pay you.

I learn many things from the dear Household. Some one wrote long ago:—"Any vessel that needs soaking, wet it and turn down on the ground over night." A simple thing, but how good where water is scarce. Another wrote about draining dishes. I tried it at once on an old dish-pan with holes made through, set over another vessel and boiling water poured over, then taken off to drain they will need no wiping. Time saved to read, to wait on a country post office and travelers, all to be done by the one pair of hands belonging to

LITTLE WIT.

### Whipped into Bashfulness.

I noticed some time ago the editor would like a change of subject in the "Household." Now, I have a subject that I do not suppose that any but me has thought much about, and that is —parents' whipping children after visitors or anybody else has gone, for something they did while company was there. When I was a small boy I was very mischievous, and while anybody visited at our house, I took the opportunity to show my pranks, and when they were gone I nearly always got a whipping. My grandfather used to stay a night at our house and a night at each one of my two uncle's, making every third night at our house, and each time after he left I received a whipping. Now I do not want people to understand that I think my parents did what they knew to be wrong, for I had as good a father, and I think the best mother (others think theirs the best) in the world. But for the effects of the whippings today I am at nearly 30 years of age, a single man, bashful, awkward and solitary. I have worked for people in three or four different States, and for nearly every man, for miles around where I live, but to day I would rather face an American lion, wild cat or panther, just ready to make the spring than to meet or have an introduction to a stranger let it be man or woman. Now I do not say positively it was whipping caused my backwardness, but I always thought so, and would like the opinions of others, and I remain a SOLITARY MAN.

### A Word for Mother-in-Law.

"Rosella," why do you speak so about poor Philander? Is it not natural and right to think that *mother's* way was a little the best? I imagine I can see Philander—a tall, awkward boy of 16, leaning against your door, watching you with your rags, hoping to be of service to you. What, then, if he does speak of his poor dead mother, who died working honestly to get the comforts of life. Never were my feelings more wounded than once when my step mother spoke disrespectfully of something my dear, dead mother had done. Let us be careful not to touch on those tender cords.

Once when I was fussing about to get water enough to wash my potatoes I had pared for breakfast the night before, and still had enough left to let them stand in over night, for water was scarce, my husband said, "why do you do that; my mother never did." "Why," said I, "they will get black if they are not covered with water." "Mother never did," said he again. I thought he had forgotten how mother's potatoes looked, if he ever knew, but thought I would try it. I always like to try new plans. Well, I have not let my potatos stand in water since, and they are never black, and there is no grappling in cold water after potatoes of mornings, but just take up the pan and pour them into the kettle when the water is boiling. Let us not despise the words "my mother."

R. A. B.

### The Watcher.

Sitting alone in the silence of midnight,
While the moon and the stars are shining o'erhead,
God only knoweth the anguish of spirit,
Watching beside a loved one's sick bed.

Watching alone while others are sleeping,
Praying as only those anxious can pray;
Heavenly Father, he is in Thy keeping—
Oh, give him relief ere the dawn of the day!

Many years we have journeyed, hand in hand together;
Our pathway through life has not always been bright;
The *past* we remember—but what will the *future* be?
Of this I am thinking while watching to-night.

This life is made up of joy and of sorrow;
*Some time* we are sure to "pass under the rod;"
But we'll try to be hopeful, and no trouble borrow—
The future we'll leave in the hands of our God.

AUNT NELL.

Muscatine, Ia.

### Bird's Nest Pudding.

I see some sister wishes to know how to make a bird's nest pudding, and as mine are pronounced good by those who eat them, I thought I would send my recipe. My husband says, "Yes, write, for nothing can be so good as your pud dings." I first grease my baking pan, then pare 10 or 12 apples, if you wish a large one, take out the cores without breaking the apple, place in your baking pan; and sprinkle with white sugar, next prepare your batter by taking one quart of flour, a pint and a half of milk, two teaspoonsful of baking powder, two eggs, beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and stir last of all gently into the batter, pour over the apples and bake three quarters of an hour; send to the table hot and serve with sweetened cream or lemon sauce. E. H. H.

Bridgeton, N. J.

### Can She Reclaim Him?

I have a dear brother, and I wish to ask what to do, and how to do it, to turn him from the high road to destruction. He is disgracing his sister, killing his loving mother making a slave of his aged father, leading other boys with him, and debasing himself. Oh, sister! brother! father! mother! minister of the divine word, can you tell me what I can do? Is there any help? I work, watch and pray, but something more seems to call. This does not do. On, on, he goes! Once he was kind and good, but, "evil communications corrupt," and that he found when from home many miles. Can he ever be turned by a loving sister and parents? EVER HOPING.

Keithsburg, Ill.

### Cooking Receipes.

I have seen so many requests for different recipes that I send the following ones hoping they will be of service to someone.

SPICED TOMATOES—Scald and peel seven pounds of ripe tomatoes, add four pounds of sugar and let them stand over night. In the morning take the tomatoes out and let the syrup boil, then put the tomatoes back and boil for three hours. When done add a pint of strong vinegar and nearly a teacupful of cinnamon bark and cloves mixed. Tie the spice in a thin cloth and let it remain in the tomatoes. They will keep without sealing.

MARBLE CAKE.—White part—One cup of white sugar, one half cup of butter, one half cup of sweet milk, whites of three eggs, one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder and two cups of flour.

DARK PART.—One cup brown sugar, one fourth cup butter, one fourth cup sweet milk, one nutmeg one teaspoonful cinnamon, one half teaspoonful cloves, yolks of three eggs, one teaspoonful of baking powder and two cups of flour.

LEMON JELLY CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, two thirds of a cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, two-thirds of a cup of butter, three eggs, two teaspoonsful of baking powder, flour enough to thicken.

JELLY FOR CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, the grated rind and juice of one lemon, one tablespoonful of water; stir all together and boil thick enough to spread.

CREAM CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, one tablespoonful of melted butter, two teaspoonsful of baking powder.

CREAM FOR CAKE.—Yolks of two eggs, two tablespooosful of corn starch, two tablespoonsful of sugar, 1½ cups of sweet milk; let the milk boil; beat up the rest, thin with a little milk and stir into the boiling milk; let it all come to a boil again, and put it between the cakes as if it were jelly.—AUNT ALICE.

In response to the lady who asked for cake recipes, I send the following, which I know to be good:

SMALL WHITE CAKE.—One cup white sugar, one cup flour, one third cup butter, one-third cup sweet milk, one-third cup corn starch, whites of four eggs, one heaping teaspoon baking powder, one teaspoon lemon; beat butter and sugar to a cream, add sweet milk, mix flour, starch and baking powder together, and add to butter, etc., then beat eggs light and stir in last, bake slowly.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One and one half cups sugar, one third cup butter, three-fourths cup sweet milk, two eggs, two and a half cups flour, two level teaspoons baking powder, three-fourths cup of grated chocolate, and the same bulk of sugar. For the icing, beat the one and a half cups sugar, the butter, the sweet milk and the two egg yolks, with one white, all together; stir flour and baking powder together and add to the above. You will now have batter enough for three layers in a cake; take two-thirds of it out into two round tins, leaving one-third in your dish, to which you will add one-half cup of the grated chocolate, which will make it brown; bake the three layers, then beat the remaining white of egg, sugar and chocolate together. After the cakes are baked, put them together with this chocolate frosting, placing the brown layer in the middle. This is a little trouble, but makes a delicious cake.

I can also send recipes for cocoanut and fruit cake, if desired; also tapioca cream, which, I think, a very nice dessert.—MILLIE A. F., Kingsville, O.

NUMBER CAKE.—One cup of butter, two of sugar, three of flour and four eggs, teaspoonful of baking powder spice and fruit if you like.

PLAIN COFFEE CAKE.—One cup brown sugar, one cup molasses, one cup butter, one cup strong cold coffee, two eggs, two large teaspoons of soda, fruit, two teaspoons of cinnamon, one of cloves, not very stiff.

LOVELY WHITE CAKE.—One cup butter, two cups white sugar, one cup sweet milk, two-thirds of a cup of corn-starch, filled up with flour, and two cups flour, two teaspoons of baking powder sifted with the flour, mix and stir, have ready beaten whites of seven eggs and add, stirring only enough to mix well, lemon essence one half teaspoonful if not very strong.

May Fuchia, wants to know how to make baking powder biscuit. Three pints flour in a sieve add two teaspoons of Royal baking powder, sift into a dry pan, add about one half pound of butter, rub into the dry flour (or if lard is used some salt also) mix with water or sweet milk rather soft, bake quickly and they will be just as nice as anyone could wish.—F. M. D., Clay Centre, Kan.

For the lady who wanted to know how to make good things of corn meal, I will give a recipe for corn rolls that are splendid. I got the recipe from a Quaker lady who knew how to make more good things than dyspeptics would dare to eat:

Take one pint of corn meal, pour on it three pints of boiling water, stirring well as you pour; put in three ounces of lard, one tablespoonful of salt and when milk-warm, put in two large teaspoonsful of yeast, mix in wheat flour to make a soft dough, cover the pan and put in a warm place to rise; when well risen remove to a cool place, mould them out an hour before you want to bake them and let them rise in the pan.

Will some one tell me how to make sweet pickles?—GREENBRIAR.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Cover two or three pieces with a nice crust. A lump of butter and sugar in each one, improves them much; place them with plenty of space in your deepest bread pan, and fill up all vacancies with plenty of butter, sugar, and a few drops of lemon; now last but not least, fill the pan half full of boiling water, bake, and if your husband does not put on a broad grin at dinner, he won't do as mine did. I make them out of dried apples or peaches, and intend trying prunes; I like them because they do not get soggy.—DAWNING, Brough, Ia.

CANADA BROWN BREAD.—Seven cups sour milk, six of meal, three of flour, one of molasses, table spoonful of salt and one of soda; bake three hours. That quantity is sufficient for a family of nine. Another which I think is good, we call

BISCUIT TOAST.—Take cold biscuits, cut in halves, put in a stew pan with some hot water, with a few lumps of butter; after they soak a few moments, put in pepper and salt to taste, and a little milk; serve hot. Cream is better than milk if you have it.—GOOD TEMPLAR, Santa Ana, Cal.

Tell the lady who wished for a cheap blanc mange to put over the fire to boil four teacups of milk, mix smoothly one teacup sifted flour, with one teacup of cold milk. Add part of the boiling milk slowly to the batter, stirring constantly that it may not be lumpy, return to the hot pan and boil one minute, stirring well; dip into teacups or molds, first wetting them with milk or water, fill half full, when cold jar them out. Eat with cream and sugar, seasoned to taste or with butter sauce. Enough for six or eight.—L. P. JONES.

A nice recipe for cake, called Angels Food. It is very good: One tumbler and a half of white sugar, one of flour, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, (no soda) a pinch of salt and the well beaten whites of 10 eggs; mix flour, sugar, salt and cream tartar together, then put in the eggs; have the stove in good order (for sponge cake) and bake in one loaf 40 minutes. If well made it is delicious, flavor to taste.—MRS. C. P., Drayton Island, Fla.

BREAD PUDDING.—Two cups of sweet milk, half cup of sugar, six eggs, tea-spoon half full of nutmeg; beat this well together then crumble your bread fine and stir in enough to make it about as thick as cornbread. Sweetened cream for a sauce.

Many thanks for those papers, D. M. S. you have my kindest wishes.—KANSAS GIRL, Leslie, Kan.

"Millie" wishes recipes for taffy. These are nice:

CHOCOLATE TAFFY.—One cup of chocolate (Baker's), one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one tablespoon vinegar, butter, size of egg. Boil 20 minutes, stirring all the time.

BUTTER TAFFY.—The same; only use butter for chocolate, add vinegar last thing.—MRS. C. P.

MRS. M. E. L. wishes a recipe for a simple vinegar sauce. This is both good and simple: One cup brown sugar, one cup water, one half teaspoon salt, small piece butter, essence of lemon, one large spoon of vinegar, a little flour. Boil the water, beat the other ingredients well, and stir well for a minute.

LEMON PIE.—For three pies, one lemon nicely grated, three eggs, teacup of sugar, big tablespoonful of flour, one-half cup butter; beat all together well and then add one pint of boiling water. Try it. They are good and cheap.—L. S.

Do you love sweet baked apples? If not, try my way: Pare, trim out both ends, bake quick; cover when partly cool with frosting, as for cake. Pretty and good.—JEROME.

Can any of the sisters tell me how to put up cucumber pickles in a preparation that will make vinegar on them, instead of putting them in salt.—COLO.

### Exchanges Wanted.

For exchange, a good Lamb knitting machine. For particulars address Mrs. D. L. BEAL, Montana, Kansas.

I would like to exchange Geological specimens for Books, Minerals, &c. Address, R. H. W. Como, Wyo. Terry.

### A LETTER.

#### What Stanley Is Doing.

London Telegraph, Oct. 22.

All alike will be interested in the following extract from a letter which has just been received from Mr. Stanley, the famous African explorer, by an intimate friend. The letter is dated from Banana Point, at the mouth of the Congo River, Sept. 13, and says: "All this year I have been very busy, and have worked hard. I have equipped one expedition on the East Coast; have reconstructed another —namely, the International—of whose misfortunes we have heard so often, and have explored personally several new districts on the East Coast. Having finished my work satisfactorily to myself, my friends, and those who sent me, I came through the Mediterranean and round to this spot, where I arrived two years and four months ago, on that glorious day on which we sighted old ocean after our rash descent of the Livingstone * * * And now I begin another mission seriously and deliberately with a grand object in view. I am charged to open—and keep open, if possible—all such districts and countries as I may explore for the commercial world. The mission is supported by a philanthropic society which numbers noble minded men of several nations. It is not a religious society, but my instructions are entirely of that spirit. No violence must be used, and wherever rejected the mission must withdraw to seek another field. We have abundant means, and therefore we are to purchase the very atmosphere, if any demands be made upon us, rather than violently oppose them. In fact, we must freely buy of all and every, rather than resent, and you know the sailor's commandment—'Obey orders if it breaks the owners'—is easier to keep than to stand upon one's rights. This is a principle which I have always attempted to follow, but frequently the demands were so extortionate that they exceeded the value of my property. However, this time a chief must have a large mouth indeed that cannot be filled with good things. A year's trial will demonstrate whether progress can be made and tolerance be granted under this new system. In some regions experience tells me the plan may work wonders. God grant it success everywhere! I have 15 Europeans and about 200 natives with me. It is too early yet to say much of them, but most of the natives seem not worth their rations. However, patience! We shall see what time will make of us all, and how it will mold us all anew for the good work." Who is there in Great Britain that will not wish well to this new enterprise, which thus peacefully seeks to reap for commerce and civilization the fruit of the splendid discoveries effected in Central Africa by this illustrious traveler?

### ARIZONA.

#### How It Came to Receive Its Name.

N. Y. Times.

The origin of the name of the Territory of Arizona, or the more euphonious Arizonia, as it was originally called, has never we believe been ascertained. Recently some of the Zunis Indians who inhabit that region have given an account of their traditional origin, which throws light upon the matter. In the beginning, a race of men sprang out of the earth like plants, rapidly growing to maturity and strength. They increased so fast that they soon covered the face of the globe, but after numberless ages they began to decay, and finally became entirely extinct. This planet then remained uninhabited for a great while, until the sun, taking pity on it, sent a divine maiden to populate the waste. Her name was Arizonia, meaning in the Zoulan tongue, Maiden Queen. She wandered over the world for centuries without finding a lover or a husband—she wanted one, of course, though divine, she was human, and feminine also — and, consequently, as may be inferred, failed of her mission. She was very lovely, and one day, while basking in the sunbeams, a drop of dew fell from the sky, and in due or dew time she bore twins—a son and daughter. These became the progenitors of the Zunias, who were the founders of the present human family. The Zunias are the sole, pure, original stock—children of the sun—all other races being illegitimate offshoots from that parent stem. In the language of the Mojave tribe, dwelling along the great Colorado River, *arue* means love or beloved, and *unia* the sun, so that *aruzunia*, or arizonia, would signify the sun's beloved; and it is thought that this language is nearly identical with that of the Zunias. Sun is feminine with them, and moon masculine, the reverse of the genders we poetically ascribe to those words. Thus, *unika* means a maiden, and also the sun; *kulia* means the moon, and likewise a man. More consistent and rational than we, they ascribe their origin to maternal divinity, and in this are in harmony with modern science, which has discovered in cryptogamia, parthenogenesis, and certain undeveloped organs observed throughout the entire sub-kingdom of mammalia, that paternal origin is not essential merely auxiliary. Have our aboriginals in their apparently fantastic and ancient myths anticipated 19th century science? What we understand as poetry and what we name truth, as based on nature, are perhaps more nearly allied than we imagine.

### "My Friend and Pitcher."

The origin of the above expression is thus explained by a correspondent of a Boston paper:

Mrs. "M. E. B.," in her first letter describing her visit to the mountains, somewhat puzzled a few of us, her constant readers, with her use of the words "friend and pitcher." While still wondering from what remote recess of her memory the curious expression had evolved itself, we proceeded to read it aloud, if by chance the sound might suggest something more, when immediately "M" says "I dare say few of the present generation will understand the meaning of that," and at once starts a quaint old tune, which her father, having the gift of song at a time when musical instruments were few and far between, was long ago accustomed to sing to his little girls. 'Tis only part of a verse which she can now remember; but all the rest of the day, at intervals, the old tune and the words sing themselves up and down, up and down in our brain, so that we cannot forget them if we would. At last we remember to have seen on the top shelf of the book-case, in a retired corner, a little leather covered book, numbering nearly a century of years, called, "Charms of Melody," which we at once seek, and seeking, find within its covers what we had scarcely hoped to find. It is too good to keep from the rest of your readers if perchance there be any who like ourselves, had never seen or heard it; so, if agreeable to you, here it is:

The wealthy fool, with gold in store,
Will still desire to grow richer,
Give me but health, I ask no more,
My little girl, my friend and pitcher,
My friend so rare,
My girl so fair;
With such what mortal can be richer?
Give me but these, a fig for care,
With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

Though fortune ever shuns my door,
(I know not what can thus bewitch her),
With all my heart—can I be poor
With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher,
My friend so rare,
My girl so fair;
With such what mortal can be richer?
Give me but these, a fig for care,
With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.

"Ma," said a little boy, looking up from an illustrated paper, "I wish I was a little South Africa boy." "Why, Georgie?" asked his ma. "Why, 'cause their mothers don't wear slippers," he feelingly replied.—*Norr. Herald.*

# Our Young Folks.

### THE BABY'S PICTURE.

"We must carry our beautiful baby to town,
Some day when the weather is fair," we said;
"We must dress him up in his prettiest gown,
And wave his hair on the top of his head;
For all his cousins, and all his aunts,
And both his grandmothers proud and dear,
Declare it is shameful and every way blameful,
To have no picture of him this year."

He was three months old when we took him before,
And he lay like a lamb on his mamma's lap,
And the darling now has a twelvemonth more
Of bewildering graces from sock to cap.
Just look at his dear little laughing face,
At the rosebud mouth, at the violet eyes—
Why the photograph taker, that vanity shaker,
Will think, this time, we have brought him a prize!

We carried our child to the town one day,
The skies were soft, and the air was cool;
We forced him richly in fine array—
Ribbons and laces, and silks and tulle—
He looked like a prince in the artist's chair,
Sitting erect, and brave, and grand,
With a big, red apple he scarce could grapple,
Held close in the palm of one dimpled hand.

"He is taking it now!" We held our breath!
We fearfully peeped from behind the screen!
"What a pose!" we whispered; then, still as death,
Waited—and baby was all serene
Till the critical moment, when, behold!
The silken sash was catching that lovely look,
Such a terrible roar it shook the floor!
And that was the picture the swift sun took:

A wrinkled face, and close-shut eyes,
And a mouth's that opened so very wide,
That our dear little sister, sibyl-wise,
Declares she can see the cry inside.
Aunts and cousins and grandmothers dear
Haven't got over their anger yet;
But we thought it was funny, and paid our money
For that strange phase of our precious pet.

Ah! children older than baby, think,
Dear little children, blithe and sweet,
With your curls of gold, and your cheeks of pink,
And your naughty tempers, sudden and fleet,
What an awful thing it would be for you
If an artist should happen along some day,
And, observing the pouting, the frown, or the flouting,
Should take a picture of you that way!

—*Margaret E. Sangster in Wide Awake.*

### A Sermon on Bears.

Uncle Fred was sitting under a tree in his orchard, reading his paper. The children caught sight of him, and then there was a rush and a hurry to see who could get to him first. Will and Tom were the fastest runners, and didn't mind the fence any more than a log; they were up to it and over it in a minute; but poor little Bobby and Sue, though they went as fast as their little legs could carry them, were far behind, and besides, the fence was too high for them to climb, so they set up a pitiful cry, begging the boys to wait and help them. Will and Tom were in too much of a hurry for that, and the poor little things would have cried in vain had not Uncle Fred left his tree and newspaper and lifted them over the fence.

Will and Tom were resting under the trees when he came back, looking rather ashamed.

"Why, you are not as kind as the bears," Uncle Fred said. "I am going to punish you by making you listen to a sermon."

The boys looked doleful enough at this idea. They had hoped that Uncle Fred would tell them one of his nice stories.

"The sermon will be preached by—bears!" said Uncle Fred, with a sudden spring at Sue and Bobby at the last word. Of course they all jumped and screamed, and the boys began to brighten up again.

"Do you know how they catch bears in Russia?

No, the children didn't and they settled themselves with a delighted air, for they knew a story was coming.

"It is easy enough as they do it. Why, you children could catch half a dozen at once, if you chose."

"Could we, really, Uncle Fred?" the boys asked, eagerly.

"Could we, too?" echoed Bobby and Sue, with wide open eyes.

"Yes, if you were strong enough to dig a pit several feet deep. Will and Tom could do that, if I helped a little, and Bobby and Sue could cover the top with turf, leaves and sticks, so as to hide the hole. Then all we would have to do would be to put some food on top, hide behind a tree and watch."

"And then, what next?" cried the children in a breath.

"Why then, we would see a big black bear shuffling along. As he came near the pit he would begin to sniff, and look around to see where the food was. In a minute he would see it, but the moment he would put his paw on the turf he would go the bottom of the pit."

"Would it kill him?"

"Oh, no; but he couldn't get out, possibly, and then the hunters would come and shoot him. But if four or five bears happen to tumble into the same hole they will all get out again."

"Tell us, tell us!" Bobby said, as Uncle Fred stopped at just the most interesting part of the story to knock down an apple.

"Well, they make a ladder by stepping on each other's shoulders, and so they reach the top of the pit and get out—all but the bottom one, and he, poor fellow, would never get out, if bears were not kinder than boys."

Will and Tom were too much ashamed to ask how, so Uncle Fred went on:

"The first thing they do, when they get out themselves, is to get a branch of a tree, which they let down to their poor brother bear. In a minute more he is out, and away they all scamper to the woods. If the bears were like some boys they would have left the poor, helpless bear to cry in the pit, while they ran off to have a good time.

Uncle Fred had told them a story, but the boys found they had been listening to a sermon all the time.

It was one they could not help remembering, either, for whenever they started to run and leave their little brother and sister to help themselves, the bears' sermon would come into their minds, and they would be so ashamed to have bears kinder than boys, that they would stop and be kind too.—*Parish Visitor.*

### The Gold Necklace.

In her plain little cot at the almshouse at D. Jennie Burnet lay dying. Only a few months before she was with us at school, poor and despised. How my heart aches as I write these words. As they stood at the open grave of their schoolmate, what would the children at D. have given to recall a few short weeks of their school life! At best we merely bore with the children from the almshouse. Away down on the lowest seat, at the foot of the inclined plane, they sat, a motley company of coarsely-dressed, and, too often, ill-behaved children. But we looked upon Jennie as a thief. Oh, why did not her sweet, truthful face make us see our cruel error?

Susan Smith had worn a string of gold beads to school one afternoon, and just as the bell rang for closing, she broke the string, and the beads rolled down on to the floor. There was a general rush for the lost treasure, and Susan exclaimed in loud and excited tones, "Give them to me. I had 40 of them."

"Close the door," said the teacher, "and let no one go out."

"Twenty-nine, 30. Where are the rest?"

There was no answer.

"Whoever has those beads will give them to me at once" said the teacher, "or I shall search your pockets."

None of us saw a little wicked hand stretched toward Jennie Burnet. No one but God and Anna Mellen knew that that hand dropped ten gold beads into the pocket of the unthinking child. But when they were found there, we heeded not the poor child's cries of innocence, but thought that she added a lie to the dreadful sin of theft. After that we shunned her, and contrary to the example of the blessed Savior, we taunted her with her supposed sin. Alone she sat in our seasons of play, with her well worn Testament before her, and a look upon her calm face which we did not in the least understand. But at times deep anguish was seen there, and she daily grew thinner and paler.

One cold night the teacher was locking the door. A little shivering form lingered near.

"Please, teacher, I did not take those beads," murmured a voice too sad to be long to a child.

"Don't add lies to your other sins," said the teacher, who believed her guilty. Slowly Jennie turned away.

"Oh, my God, you know I never took those beads, moaned the child, and with the thought a great wave of comfort rolled over her heart. "When I go home to my mother all will be right,' she said.

Home for Jennie was heaven, for she had no mother on earth, and her drunken father was always a terror to her. A time was coming when Anna Mellen was

# The Farm.

In this Department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc etc. Contributions should be written legibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

### Robbing the Soil.

Let us farmers give a few moments thought to this problem of American agriculture, and the inevitable consequences of the present system of depletion upon the future condition of our country. Only philosophers we know deal with questions the results of which reach one hundred years into the future; but for the time being we will imagine ourselves all philosophers, that we may think a little about one such question—for in fact a hundred years does not seem so long a time, after it is past. We look back to the times of the Revolution and seem familiar and acquainted with the men who took part in those events. They acted in our behalf; they felt the responsibility of the future bearing upon them with every step, and every thought. Let us for a moment imagine ourselves thinking and acting for the generations who are to come after.

Only a few years ago the agriculture of the East was self supporting. We raised enough of corn, wheat, beef, and every commodity for our own use. Stately and comfortable farm houses were found all over New England, where was present the largest amount of comfort and independence. From the State of Maine, cattle and wheat were sent to the Boston market in large quantities. What is now seen in many places in Eastern and Northern New England, where once were these large farms, but wood-overgrown fields and dilapidated farm houses and barns? Young men, comparatively, of the present day, can remember when flour began to be purchased from Genesee, and corn from Virginia. Then Ohio was in the Far West. To-day, one of the leading questions among Ohio farmers is how they shall restore the exhausted fertility of her soil. Farms in that State, which 20 years ago would carry 25 cows, are now hardly able to support half of that number. What has caused the impoverishment of this once rich soil? Why is not the valley of the Genesee to-day, as it was for years regarded, the granary of the East? A depleting and thoughtless system of land-skinning is seen. The crops of corn, wheat and tobacco, and the cattle and horses grown in such abundance upon the productive virgin soil, have robbed it of its ability to longer yield remunerative crops.

The farms have been sold by the bagful and baleful; they have been transported by rail and ship and team, to near or distant cities, leaving a barren soil that can only recuperate itself by a long period of rest, or be accomplished by the farmer at an expense almost too great to be undertaken. And westward the system of eastern spoliation has been transferred. The grand prairies are now contributing of their life blood the food needed by a hungry world, yet men think their fertility inexhaustible, and forgetting the lessons of old-time farming in the East, say the land of the West is never to need artificial plant food, it will always produce. It will not always produce the crops and the stock it is producing today. Let us be philosophers. Is it not reasonable to expect, to believe, that the same course which has brought agricultural dependence to the East, will also bring it to the West, however fertile the West may be? There is a limit to all natural fertility—that limit is only measured by time. In improvident farming, especially, the future is sure to reproduce the past; for the same conditions and agencies that have brought it about in the one case, are at work to bring it about in the other cases. Nature self executes her own laws.

It would seem that we of this generation ought to have gathered wisdom from the experiences of the past. But we have not. Had we done so there would have been manifest a more positive principle of economy in using the fertility of nature and a desire to restore wasted resources, and to leave to future occupiers an unimpaired soil. But there are few evidences at the West of Providence in agricultural operations. The soil is being sent across the ocean in wheat and beef. The experiences of the Genesee, the Ohio, the Wisconsin farmers are being repeated, and in less than a hundred years the story of devastation will have a sad meaning to all prairie farmers of America. Why not stop? Why not be philosophers? Why not save manure? Why not husband nature's resources? Why not adopt now that well-balanced system of cattle feeding, sheep husbandry and cropping which shall maintain our land in good condition, at the same time it gives a fair return for the demands made upon it?—*American Cultivator.*

### Advice to New Beginners in Stock-Raising.

The wealth of the Ancients consisted in their flocks and herds; and so far as farming is concerned, it is a pretty safe rule to estimate the value of land by the amount of stock it will keep. Not so with the grain crops. When you bestow a large amount of labor on a field and fail to make a crop, your labor is lost. Stock of the right kind, well managed, is the best investment which those owning and occupying their lands can have; and for one just commencing breeding it is very important to commence aright. Having once commenced it is very expensive to retrace one's steps.

First—Determine what breed of cattle will suit you best, and after you have commenced, stick to your line of breeding. Do not be influenced by everything that you may hear or read, and keep cl[ear] ing.

Second—In selecting your animals to commence with, select none but good ones, and do not be like the Irishman buying a pair of boots, "want to get the most leather for the least money." Select cattle with good pedigrees, and good forms, possessing desirable qualifications for your purpose. Do not buy indifferent animals because they have a fine pedigree, believing what some breeders will tell you, viz., "That that they have fine blood in them, but have been badly handled, and that you can breed them up." Leave that for professional breeders to do. They know how and how often to do it.

Third—Decide what you want your cattle for, whether for milk or beef, or for the two combined. If for the dairy only (and you want the largest return for the least expense), get the Jerseys. If your object is beef alone, the Shorthorns can't be beat. If you wish for milk and beef combined, there are several families of the Short-horns, such as Princess and Ayrshire, Devon and Holstein. Either of these four breeds possess many desirable qualities for both beef and milk. They are all of fair size, good feeders and milkers.

Fourth—Do not practice in-and in breeding, for very few make a success out of it, although very fine cattle are produced by experts who know just how far to carry it.

Fifth—Always feed well, but do not overfeed. Don't spoil your best cattle by over-feeding in order to compete for a premium. To raise fine calves, I prefer to have them dropped in the Fall, and have them suck their mothers through the Winter, weaning them about the 1st of May, when the grass is fine. By doing so, they get a fine start for the second Winter. After weaning, feed them regularly with oats bran and corn meal, mixed in equal parts. If milk is your object, you can wean them at two week's old, or when the cow's udder is all right, giving the calves new milk the first month after that. You can substitute skimmed milk, feeding at the same time the bran, oats and corn meal. And they get diarrhœa take an egg and make it thick with flour until you can make a ball of it; give them this early morning and evening, until they are cured. Very good calves can be raised in this way, but the dam's milk is always the best.

Sixth—Do not risk losing your fine cows with milk fever. In Winter, give them bran mashes frequently, well salted, before they have their calves. As soon as they drop their calves, give them six quarts of oats soaked in boiling water. In Summer, when on grass, give them before and after calving, oats and bran mixed dry. I have never lost any under this treatment or had spoiled udders.

Seventh—Provide good shelter for your stock. It is an absurdity to think that breeding stock will do well, exposed to all extremes of our climate, without shelter. Some fat cattle will Winter and lay on fat, with only the timber for shelter, but they will fatten much faster with less food when they have a good, warm shed, with plenty of dry straw under it, to go to wherever they choose.

Eighth—Do not invest a dollar in stock unless you intend to take good care of it, Summer and Winter, cold or hot, night or day. Whenever they need your care give it to them.—*Cor. Rural World.*

### The Poultry Business.

For quite a number of years the interest in the raising of fowls has been steadily increasing, and those who, 20 years since, prophesied that the business was being overdone, and must inevitably soon collapse, have been perfectly amazed to see the rapid strides with which it has advanced, until to-day it forms one of the leading industries of this country.

The amount of capital invested in this pursuit is simply enormous, and yet it is constantly increasing. Pass through the country in any direction, and at nearly every habitation you will find more or fewer fowls of some kind, while here and there may be seen the more pretentious buildings of the fancier or amateur.

The reason for this is obvious. Men will do, as a rule, whatever it pays them best to do, and this of itself is a tacit acknowledgment of the value of this pursuit.

Let us briefly examine the annual value of some of the other leading industries of this country, and compare the result with this branch. This will enable us to obtain an approximate idea, at least, of their relative importance.

The report of the Department of Agriculture for the year 1877 gives the total cash values of several products as follows: Corn, $480,000,000 plus ($480,643,400); wheat, $364,000,000 plus ($394,675,749); hay $271,000,000 plus ($271,234,560); oats, $118,000,000 plus ($118,606,550); and potatos only $76,000,000 plus ($76,249,500). It is, of course, impossible to give the exact value of the poultry business, but a sufficiently accurate estimate may be made. The number of inhabitants in the United States will not vary far from forty-five millions (45,000,000). Now, suppose that each man, on the average, consumes directly or indirectly five eggs per week (which is a small allowance). Estimating on this basis, we shall find that the production of eggs amounts to nine hundred and seventy-five millions (874,000,000) dozen, which, at the low price of 20 cents per dozen, yields a total value of one hundred and ninety five million dollars ($195,000,000) for eggs alone.

Each inhabitant will also consume, on the average about $5 worth of dressed poultry during the year, which will amount to the respectable sum of two hundred and twenty five million dollars ($225,000,000) for all. Add the two amounts together and we find the total value of the poultry business to be four hundred and twenty million dollars ($420,000,000). This, of course, does not include the foreign or export trade, which, if added, would materially increase its value. It will thus be seen that the value of the poultry business is greater than that of either of the products named, with the exception of corn, and, also, that if the export trade were added, it would closely approach that in value.

This business, however, like any other, requires to be conducted upon fixed principles, and demands both skill and attention in order to render it remunerative. The greatest mistake made by beginners is in supposing that they can engage in poultry-raising with nothing more than a theoretical knowledge of the business, and yet obtain exactly the same results, and that, too, with a large number of fowls that a breeder of many years of experience does.

Any one who should engage in extensive mercantile pursuits with no practical knowledge of the branch to which he proposes to devote himself, would be considered but little better than a lunatic; and yet this is precisely what many have done, and are still doing in this business.

A few failures must be expected at the start; it cannot be otherwise; but with careful attention to details there need not be many. Every beginner should make choice of some one breed, and, before adding others to his yard, devote himself to this until he has made it a success or proved it a failure. He can then use his acquired skill to advantage.—*Corbin.*

### Health of Horses.

The health and comfort of horses have of late years been greatly improved by the better construction of stables. They are made more roomy and lofty and provided with means of thorough ventilation. In many new stables lofts are done away with, or the floor of the lofts is kept well above the horses heads and ample shafts are introduced to carry away foul air. By perforated bricks and gratings under the mangers and elsewhere round the walls, and also by windows and ventilators, abundance of pure air is secured for the horses; while, being introduced in moderate amount and from various directions, it comes in without draught. Too much draught is almost an unknown stable luxury. To secure a constant supply of pure air horses require more cubic space than they generally enjoy. Even when animals are stabled only at night a minimum of 1,200 cubic feet should be allowed. In England the newer cavalry barracks give a minimum of 1,569 feet with a ground of fifty 80 square feet per horse, and the best hunting and carriage horse stables have more.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

## GORTSCHAKOFF'S RETIREMENT.

### His Probable Successor and the Stories of Schouvaloff's Enemies at the Russian Court.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 13.—The announcement of Gortschakoff's retirement from the Imperial Chancellorship has caused no surprise here. But for German intrigues against him he would have retired sooner. His personal dignity required in despite of ill health, that he should retain his office until the attacks on him had ceased. The names of various persons are mentioned in connection with the probable succession, even that of Gen. Ignatieff is hinted at. Count Schouvaloff does not seem to have any change, as he is believed to be in complete disfavor, owing to the efforts of a personage whose influence over the Czar is none the less strong from its being unacknowledged and exercised only in private. Palace intrigues are nearly as common in Russia as at Constantinople. The story of female enemies at the Russian Court overthrowing Schouvaloff are freely circulated and generally believed in London.

### Mine Temperature.

Eureka (Nev.) Leader.

A singular feature of the Ruby Hill mines is the fact that the temperature decreases instead of increases as depth is attained, generally falling below that of the surface during the Summer months. A visitor, unless exercising briskly, will at all times experience a chilly sensation. This obtains to the very lowest workings, over 1,100 feet, and is attributed to the numerous caves and openings throughout the vein matter, and through which the air circulates freely. Another curious circumstance is noted. During the Summer months, and while the warm weather prevails, there is a downcast through the Eureka Consolidated shaft, the current of air passing through the drifts and up the Richmond shaft, but the moment there is a marked change in the weather, and a cool temperature is introduced, there is a reversal of the air currents, the downcast being through the Richmond shaft and up the Consolidated.

# ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE

### Commencement of Festivities of an Unusual Character—Reception of Gen. Grant.

CHICAGO, Nov. 12.—The morning which has long been looked for as the inauguration day of unusual festivities attending the annual meeting of the Army of the Tennessee, opened with a dull sky and up to eight o'clock the rain fell in brisk showers. Along towards nine, however, the sky became brighter and the sun came out at times, making the prospect more favorable for the procession and for decorating. At 10 o'clock the Army of the Tennessee began its annual meeting at the headquarters in the Palmer House.

Gen. W. T. Sherman presided. Gen. W. E. Strong informed the 450 members present that they would act as a guard of honor to Gen. Grant, and follow him when he leaves the line of the procession. Owing to the short time left for arrangements, the business meeting was adjourned until 4 o'clock, and the rest of the session was taken up with arranging the details of the procession.

The principal feature of the day is the reception of Gen. Grant by the citizens of Chicago and the Army of the Tennessee. In this reception all classes participate, so that the affair is devoid of political significance. Take was distinctly understood before the Democrats and Illinois National Guard would consent to take part. Republicans who oppose the third term of Grant for the Presidency, in participating, are doing honor to a great soldier and distinguished citizen. The address of welcome will be made by Mayor Harrison during the afternoon.

CHICAGO, Nov. 12.—The train from Galena bearing Gen. Grant arrived at Park Row on the South side promptly at 1 o'clock. At this time the rain was falling heavily, but in a few minutes the clouds lifted and the sun shone brightly. Gen. Grant alighted with his party from the special car of President Ackerman, of the Illinois Central railroad, and taking a seat in the carriage provided for him, the procession at once moved in the following order.

THE PROCESSION.

First division department of police, Jefferson barracks band, Lieut. Gen Sheridan and staff, Gen. Stockton and staff, Gen. Torrence and staff, First regiment cavalry, Major Weller, Second regiment infantry, Col. Quirk, Sixth regiment, infantry, Col. Thompson; Sixteenth battallion, infantry, Maj. Scott; Battery D., Maj. Tobey; Battallion miscellaneous companies, Maj. De Young; First regiment, infantry, Col. Knox; Second division, Loesch's band, Capt. Neeley and staff; carriage containing Gen. Grant, escorted by the society of army of the Tennessee; carriage containing Gen. Sherman and Gov. Cullom; carriage containing the reception committee and distinguished guests and maimed and crippled soldiers, platoon of police, northwestern band, society of the army of the Cumberland, Gen. Whipper commanding society of the army of the Potomas Gen. White commanding; Nevan's band, veteran organizations, with Clorinda (Iowa) band, Col. Scribner commanding; Mexican veterans; Fort Wayne band; Grand Army of the Republic, Col. Swain commanding; Third division—Columbus barracks band, Gen. Wallace and staff, old settlers, carriages containing Judges of the Courts, Common Council, County Commissioners, County Clerk and deputies, County Treasurer and clerks, Clerks of Courts and deputies, City Treasurer and clerks, City Clerk and deputies, Sheriff and deputies, first regiment trumpeters, fire insurance patrol, Hyde Park authorities, Illinois skirmishers, battalion Brothers of Union United Fellows, Downers' grove band, mail carriers, first Norwegian total abstinence society, Jacksonville drum corps, Chicago Turngemeinde, Fourth Division Elgin band, Gen. Shearer and staff, fire department, various park commissioners in phætons, escorted by the South Parks Police, and decorated wagons escorted by Lincoln Park mounted police and decorated business vehicles.

GEN. GRANT

left the procession at the Palmer House and reviewed it from a temporary balcony. It was of great length, requiring over two hours to pass a given point. There was a dense crowd along the whole line of march, which cheered the notable members and organizations of the procession, but gave their loudest applause to Gens. Grant, Sherman and Sheridan. After the review Gen Grant was formally welcomed by Mayor Harrison, who spoke in the rotunda of the Palmer House.

The Mayor welcomed him as one of the most renowned of American citizens, whose journey around the world had been watched with feelings of gratification: that his position was simply that of an American citizen. He alluded to the services of Gen. Grant during the late war, to his generosity towards Gen. Lee, and to his elevation to the Presidency.

The speech was applauded heartily. Gen Grant in reply said:

Mr. Mayor and gentlemen of the Committee on Reception, gentlemen of Chicago and of Illinois. I feel very much honored at the reception I am receiving at your hands to-day. I feel highly honored by the pledge of welcome which has been uttered by your worthy Mayor which is something so personal to myself it would hardly be in good taste for me to respond to the language of it, and it leaves, therefore, nothing for me to do but convey my thanks to this committee of citizens of the City for the hearty reception which they have given me. To one allusion of my reception abroad I will say that in every case I felt that it was a tribute to our own country.

I will add further that our own country stands differently abroad in the estimation of European and Eastern nations from what it did a quarter of a century ago; an American citizen is regarded in a different light from the American citizen of a quarter of a century ago. At that time it was believed we had no nation, it was merely a confederation of States tied together by a rope of sand, and would give way upon the slightest friction. They have found it was a grand mistake. They know we have now a nation; that we are a nation of strong and intelligent and brave people, capable of judging and knowing our rights, and determined on all occasions to maintain them against domestic or foreign foes and that is the reception you have received through me whilst I was absent.

The Society of the Army of the Tennessee held an adjourned meeting at 4 o'clock, Gen. Sherman presiding. The chair was delegated to appoint committees of five each on nominating officers, selecting time and place for the next annual meeting and for the selection of an orator. The chair named three committees, which are respectively headed by Gen. Wm. R. Marshall, Maj. E. C. Dawes, and Gen. C. C. Wheelock. The by laws were amended to permit the friends of deceased members to pay arrears in dues, that the record of deceased may be restored. They then adjourned till to-morrow, when officers will be elected and further business will be transacted.

The reception given by the Society of the Army of the Tennessee to Gen. Grant took place this evening at Haverly's Theater. The auditorium, the largest in the City, was beautifully decorated with flags, festoons of flowers and wreaths. On either side "The State" was the inscription in evergreens.

"WELCOME OF THE SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE."

Above the center of the stage in like manner, "Welcome, Commander." There was also upon the stage a representation of the battle ground of Vicksburg, in charge of the Boys in Blue who guarded the approaches doing regular duty. The ground was strewn with munitions of war, fascines, etc., etc. There was also arranged on each side of the stage and facing the audience a life sized portrait of Pres. Lincoln and Gen. Thomas. High above all, on large banners, were inscribed the names of the battle fields with which the Army of the Tennessee are so well acquainted. The building was filled to its utmost capacity with an audience, which upon the arrival of Gen. Grant and staff broke into hearty applause. Upon the stage were seated many of his prominent officers, including Gen. Sherman and Sheridan. Gov. Cullom, Mayor Harrison and other dignitaries were present. Rev. Dr. Thomas opened the services with prayer.

Gov. Cullom said that nearly 15 years had passed since the army had completed the task for which it was called into existence. They had battled better than they knew, for they had battled for nationality and the best safeguards of the rights of the State. He welcomed them and Gen. Grant to the borders of Illinois.

Mayor Harrison welcomed the army of Tennessee to Chicago.

Gen. Sherman in response to the addresses of welcome said: "In 1865, in Raleigh, N. C., before the fluttering wings of peace were heard, even when the sound of cannon and rifles was familiar to all, a few comrades passed in the Senate Chamber of that city resolutions which all the people ought to read to show what was in the heart of this Army at that time. Kindness and charity pervaded every line and syllable. The Society meets once a year—not to celebrate its victories, not to glory in achievements of arms, but to do acts of kindness and keep alive kindly feelings and memories. We are a Society, named after the Army of the Tennessee, proud of its record, glorying in its deeds, and social in our nature. We have resolved to come together annually, and have effected that purpose for 13 years. We are to-night assembled to make good the welcome of an old comrade and friend, our first commander, Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, and I say to him he can look upon these men and recognize a friend in every one. A little older than when he went away, but the same old fellows. Returning thanks to the kind patrons of to-day and evening, I will allow the proceedings to go on in the order presented on the program. Judge Gresham then made the annual address. Gen. Sherman announced the conclusion of the session, when the audience set up shouts for Grant. This was persisted in until Grant suggested that it was better to follow the program, but as he was not down for a speech, the audience laughed and renewed their demand for a speech.

At this Grant deliberately drew from his pocket a manuscript and as deliberately read the longest speech of his life: "After an absence of several years from the gatherings of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, it affords me heartfelt pleasure to be again with you, my earliest comrades in arms in a great conflict for nationality and union of all the States under one flag and always to be maintained one government. In my long absence from the country I have had a most favorable opportunity of seeing and comparing in my own mind, our institutions with those of all European countries and most of those of Asia. Comparing our resources, developed and dormant, the capacity and energy of our people for upholding the Government and developing its resources with most of the civilized people of the world everywhere, from England to Japan, from Russia to Spain and Portugal, we are understood. Our resources are highly appreciated, and the skill, energy and intelligence of the citizens is recognized. My receptions have been your receptions; they have been everywhere kind and an acknowledgment that the United States is a nation, a strong, independent and free nation, composed of strong brave and intelligent people, capable of judging their rights, and ready to maintain them at all hazards. This is a non-partisan association but composed of men who are united in a determination that no foe, domestic or foreign, shall interfere between us and the maintenance of our grand, free and enlightened institutions, and the unity of all the States.

There was a song and then a presentation of an elegant silk banner to the society. It was presented in an eloquent speech by Gen. Logan and accepted on behalf of the society by Gen. Sherman. There being calls for Sheridan, Pope, Oglesby, and "Mark Twain" these gentlemen responded, the exercises lasting until a late hour, then the tattoo and adjournment until to morrow.

CONGRATULATIONS.

The Daily News having invited Governors of various States and prominent Southern men to send in its congratulations, on Gen. Grant's return has received a number, including one from Hon. Alexander H. Stevens, another from Gen. Jas. Longstreet, and the following from Hon. Robert Toombs:

ATLANTA, Ga. Nov. 12, '79.

M. F. Stone, Editor:

Your telegram received. I decline to answer except to say present my personal congratulations to Gen. Grant on his safe arrival to his country. He fought for his country honorably and won. I fought for mine and lost. I am ready to try it over again. Death to the union.

[Signed] R. TOOMBS.

CHICAGO, Nov. 13.—The Society of the Army of the Tennessee re convened at 10:30 this morning, Gen. Sherman in the chair. The minutes were read and approved. Gen. Force, the treasurer of the Association read the annual report, showing cash in the treasury of about $7,500. The corresponding secretary's annual report mentioned the death of Capt Thomas S. Pennington, and of Lieut. Wm. B. Stevenson. All the reports were approved. The invitation to the members to attend the reunion of the Army of the Cumberland, at Washington, Nov. 19th and 20th, was received.

The committee on time and place of the next meeting, named Cincinnati; the time to be fixed by the President and local committee. Col. Ozro J. Dodd was selected Orator for the next annual meeting.

The Committee on Nomination of officers recommend the selection of the present officers of the Society, which report was adopted by acclamation, together with a vote of thanks for their services.

Gen. Sherman returned thanks for himself and other officers and made some complimentary allusions to the younger members of the society, especially to Judge Grosham. A number of members eulogized Maj. Gen. Frank B. Blair, deceased, and a resolution was adopted commending to them the movement towards erecting a monument to his memory.

The question of appointing a biographer to write up the individuals of the society was referred to a committee for report.

A resolution was adopted authorizing the President of the Society to appoint a Committee of five members, to examine into the effects of the invalid pension laws upon the different classes of pensioners, and report at the next annual meeting, suggesting such alterations and amendments as will eliminate fraud, and secure to all pensioners impartial justice. Gens. Ben Sherman, Field, Rush, Slack and Col. Fletcher were named as the Committee. After the usual votes of thanks and especial mention of the liberality of Mr. Haverly for the use of his theatre, the society adjourned.

CHICAGO, Nov. 13.—Gen Grant spent the morning with friends. In the afternoon he received soldiers and their wives in the Palmer House parlors from 2 until 5. Many of his old comrades took him by the hand during that time. The banquet given by the Society of the Army of the Tennessee took place this evening in the dining rooms of the Palmer. Gen. Grant was escorted to the room by Gen. Sherman and the military and naval and civic dignitaries of Illinois and other States. Gen. Grant's table was ornamented with a miniature man-of-war representing the ship of state under full sail. The decorations of the room in general were profuse. Prof. David Swing offered a prayer at the beginning of the banquet.

Six hundred and one covers were spread and every chair was occupied by a distinguished coterie of guests. Gracing the large room the bill of fare was printed on a card shaped into the likeness of a tent adorned with battle scenes. After viands had been discussed, the President of the Society announced the toasts as follows: First, "Our Country, her place among Nations." Gen. Grant responded.

A miniature bombardment of a small fort placed on the table was here displayed, after which the toasts proceeded. The second toast, "The President and Congress of the United States," Gen. Logan responded. The third toast, "The Army of the Tennessee. Under great leaders it accomplished great victories," was responded to by Gen. S. A. Hurlbert. The fourth toast, "Our first Commander, Gen. U. S. Grant," Col. Vilas made a response. The 5th was the "Army of the United States." In the absence of Lieut. Gen Sheridan, it was responded to by Gen. Schofield. The 6th, "The navy" was assigned to Secretary Thompson, the 7th, "The officers and soldiers of the Mexican war" to Leonard Swett: the 8th, "The memory of McPherson, Blair, and all of the heroic dead was drank standing and in silence; the 9th, "The Army of the Cumberland and its leader" by Gen. Garfield; the 10th, "The Army of the Potomac" by Gen. Woodford; the 11th, "All other armies of the Union" by Gen. Pope; the 12th, "The volunteer soldiers of the Union Army" by Col. Ingersoll; the 13th, "The patriotic people of the United States" by Emery A. Storrs; the 14th, "Woman" by General Fletcher; to the 15th toast "The Babies." Response by Samuel Clemens.

CHICAGO, Nov. 13.—The Union Veteran Club gave a reception to Gen. Grant at McVicker's Theater to-day. Crowds of people were in attendance, and most of those who applied for admission, and who were not veterans, were turned away. The theater was tastefully decorated by Manager McVicker with flags and flowers, and with living representations of the goddess of liberty and the 38 States. Patriotic speeches were made by General Logan and others. General Grant's arrival in the midst of the proceedings was an occasion of plenty of applause and cheers. He made a few remarks of the same general tenor of his many previous speeches on this trip. He said he believed the war resulted in a great deal of good to the country, and that the Southern States were in a better condition now than they would have been if they had succeeded, and certainly we would have been worse off if they had.

Hon. Emery A. Storrs made a stirring speech which elicited much enthusiasm. Gov. Oglesby and Hon. S. L. Woodford followed him, after which the audience dispersed.

ATLANTA, Nov. 13.—Gen. Toombs, in an interview regarding his dispatch to the Chicago *News* says: Interpretation of the language is that the result of the war was the death of the Union, and the present government is a consolidated one and not a confederacy.

# CHANDLER'S SUCCESSOR.

### Biographical Sketch of the New Senator.

The Hon. Fernando C. Beaman was born in Chester, Vermont, June 28, 1814, his father being a sturdy farmer who served in the army in suppressing Shay's rebellion in 1787. When Mr. Beaman was only five years old his parents removed to Franklin County, New York, where the years of his remaining childhood and youth were spent. With a strong desire for a good education, he taught school seven Winters and three Summers, in the intervening time attending the Malone Academy, where he had for one of his classmates Vice Pres. Wheeler. Completing its full and excellent curriculum of study, he went to Rochester in 1836, and in 1838 he came to Michigan, and early in 1839 was admitted to the bar in Lenawee County. In 1843 Mr. Beaman was appointed Prosecuting Attorney of Lenawee County by Gov. Barry, and removed to Adrian, the County-seat, where he has ever since resided. He was twice reappointed to this position, holding it for six years. In 1871, soon after retiring for the first time to private life, he was appointed Judge of Probate again to fill a vacancy caused by the lamented death of his former partner and long time friend, Judge Beecher, and in 1872 and 1876 was re-elected to the office of which his appointment as Senator finds him the incumbent.

Politically Judge Beaman is no stranger to the people of his section of the State. In early life he was a Democrat of the sturdy and honest school of Silas Wright of New York. But the steady encroachments of the slave power and the cowardly acquiescence, then as now, of the Northern Democracy in the demands of the South and its leaders led him early to attach himself to the liberal wing of the Democratic party, who soon became stigmatized as Free Soilers. His instincts in favor of justice and liberty were too genuine and inborn to lead him to look with the slightest favor upon any proposition that contemplated the further extension of human slavery in this land or to be found associated with any party that would consent to traffic in human rights for the sake of perpetuating its hold upon political power. In company with such men as Christiancy, Bingham and other leading Free Democrats, as they styled themselves, he took a bold and open stand against any further concessions to Southern demands, and in 1848 made a vigorous canvass of Lenawee County in favor of Van Buren and Adams, the Presidential candidates of the party with whose fortunes he had allied himself. Of course, 1854 found him "under the oaks" at Jackson, ardently and enthusiastically in favor of "union for the sake of the Union," and the limitation and ultimate extinction of slavery. He acted as one of the Vice Presidents of that famous assembly, which gave birth to the Republican party of the State of Michigan, most heartily indorsed its action and nominees and went home to speak in every township in his County in its favor and to aid powerfully in carrying it for the new party in the face of a most stubborn and sanguine opposition. Judge Beaman was a delegate to the National Convention at Pittsburg, which met for consultation, and paved the way for the organization of the Republicans as a National party. In 1856 he served as one of the Presidential electors for this State, casting his vote for Fremont and Dayton.

In 1860 Judge Beaman was elected to Congress in the Second district, comprising Monroe, Lenawee, Hillsdale, Branch and St. Joseph counties, receiving 19,173 votes against 12,699 cast for the Hon. S. C. Coffinberry of St. Joseph. For four succeeding and consecutive terms was he re elected to the seat which he at all times filled usefully and honorably. In 1862 the district was changed, Branch and St. Joseph being detached from it and Wayne added. This was the year when the "Union" movement came near sweeping the Republicans from their footings, and Judge Beaman only won by 192 majority, heavily weighed as he was by the two strong Democratic Counties of Wayne and Monroe, and with so unexceptionable an opponent as the Hon. E. J. Penniman, of Plymouth. In 1864 he defeated the Hon. David A. Noble, of Monroe, in the same District, by 2,314 majority: in 1866 he was elected over the Hon. J. Logan Chipman, by 3,876 majority, and in 1868 was chosen over the Hon. M. I. Mills by 1,602 majority. In none of these years had Judge Beaman sought the nomination.

The Tribune's Editorial.

Gov. Croswell after a deliberate examination in the matter, reached the wise decision that he would not convene the legislature in extra session, and yesterday appointed as Senator Chandler's successor the Hon. Fernando C. Beaman of Adrian.

Mr. Beaman has been for 40 years a resident of Michigan, and his life has been one of activity, prominence, and influence. Thirty years ago he was a vigorous Free Soiler; he was an original Republican, and one of the organizers and officers of the Jackson Convention that formed and named the Republican party as such. He has been an excellent lawyer and a successful popular speaker. His public experience has been large, and includes 10 years of Congressional service. His Republicanism has always been intelligent, staunch and "stalwart." He is a man of unassuming good sense, incorruptable, and especially strong in his political and personal fidelity. While a warm personal friend of the Senator whom he succeeds, he represents neither feud nor faction within his party. For some years the condition of his health has limited his participation in public affairs, but there has been improvement in this respect, and he will make an industrious, prudent and trustworthy Senator.

There will be disappointment at the Governor's decision among the earnest friends of other men; this was inevitable in any case. But there will be general pleasure at the escape from a legislative session and a caucus contest, and the Republicans of the State will promptly recognize in Mr. Beaman's appointment the selection of a Senator of pure character, sound judgment, long congressional experience, and marked political fidelity, and will applaud the Governor's determination to avoid all sources of party discord on the eve of a most important contest.

### The Free Press

has the following special dispatches from Adrian:

HON. F. C. BEAMAN APPOINTED SENATOR.

ADRIAN, Nov. 13.—Gov. Croswell has appointed Hon. F. C. Beaman United States Senator. The appointment is hailed with intense satisfaction by citizens here, and the Senator was congratulated by many friends.

ANOTHER DISPATCH.

ADRIAN, Nov. 13.—Gov. Crosswell arrived from Lansing at 4 P. M., and immediately appointed ex Congressman F. C. Beaman as the successor of Sen. Chandler. Judge Beaman has represented this District 10 years in Congress and is at present Judge of Probate. His appointment is received with great enthusiasm. The appointment took a good many by surprise, but it seems that the Governor, on Monday last, had made up his mind to appoint Mr. Beaman if he did not find it necessary to call an extra session of the Legislature.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE APPOINTMENT.

ADRIAN, Nov. 13.—Judge Beaman, as he is familiarly known, who has just been appointed Senator, is a weak, feeble old man, who is scarcely able to attend to the duties of the Probate office more than six months of the year. Two years ago he was ill and confined to his house for months, and it was thought that he could never recover. In the administration of affairs in the Probate office he is not at all popular with the bar of the County, being, by virtue of his illness, oftentimes very petulant and grouty. Although there is some enthusiasm expressed to night, the appointment will be a bitter disappointment to the Republican politicians here, when they really reflect upon it.

The *Free Press* says editorially:

THE SENATORIAL APPOINTMENT.

The die is cast. Michigan no longer stands, as one might say, on one Senatorial leg. His Excellency, mindful of the urgent decessity for devoting some time to bringing himself into harmony with the spirit of his proclamation, has performed the herculean feat of making up his mind, and relieved himself of the responsibility which for so many weary days has weighed him down like a nightmare. The vacancy is filled. Perhaps it would be safer to say partially filled, for there is a tolerably well defined impression that the new appointee will only "rattle round in it," as Oliver Wendell Holmes once modestly said he would try to when asked to fill the place of Edward Everett.

The motives that have induced the Governor to appoint Judge Beaman lie hidden, of course, in the Gubernatorial bosom, but shrewd guessers will have no difficulty in reaching some of them. Respect for Mr. Beaman, perhaps for his ability, the desire to honor his own District, and to confer a favor upon a friend and neighbor, all these, undoubtedly, entered into the appointment. But beside these, there were, in all probability, motives much less complimentary to his appointee. Among these may be suggested the desire to appoint a man who will stand in nobody's way when the Legislature of 1880 convenes, and who can be relied on not to "kick up a bobbery" by removing any of the friends of the late Senator. Unwillingness to decide between the real rival aspirants for the place had also something to do with it, probably.

So far as the Democracy is concerned, the appointment is as satisfactory as any Republican would have been. Mr. Beaman will probably be as stalwart as his moderate temperament will permit; but there is no danger that he will strengthen his party to any appreciable extent during his brief career as Senator. Nor will it be much strengthened by the rivalry which his appointment inaugurates between the really strong men in the party.

Whether the Governor has relieved himself materially may well be doubted. The men who really had some claims to the appointment—as partisan claims go—will hardly thank him for appointing one whom they consider a political nonentity, even though their rivals have been as much disappointed as they. Besides, he has jumped out of a large frying pan into a small fire; for his appointment leaves a vacancy in the Probate Judgeship which he must fill. And on a small scale, the necessity of making up his mind in this matter will renew all the vexations which have kept his soul so tempest tossed during the last 10 days.

### Official Returns From New York.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—The Sun this morning prints the official canvass for State officers, as made by the supervisors of counties. In New York and King's counties the official count has not been completed, but the result will not probably be changed 50 votes from the unofficial count of election night and those figures we used. The table shows the following majorities, except for Governor the figures given in his case indicating a plurality:

Cornell Republican, Governor, 40,173.

Hoskins Republican, Lieutenant Governor, 1,130.

Carr, Republicans Secretary of State, 4,411.

Wadsworth, Republican, Comptroller, 7,659.

Ward, Republican, Attorney-General, 7,900.

Wendell, Republican, Treasurer, 4,631.

Seymour, Democrat, Engineer and Surveyor, 9,969.

Kelley's vote, 77,471.

### Some Little Things of Value.

If your coal fire is low, throw on a tablespoonful of salt, and it will help it very much.

A little ginger put into sausage meat improves the flavor.

In icing cakes, dip the knife in cold water.

In boiling meat for soup, use cold water to extract the juices. If the meat is wanted for itself alone, plunge in boiling water at once.

You can get a bottle or barrel of oil off any carpet or woolen stuff by applying dry buckwheat plentifully. Never put water to such a grease spot, or liquid of any kind.

Broil steak without salt; it draws the juices; it is desirable to keep these if possible. Cook over a hot fire, turning frequently, searing both sides, place in a platter, salt and pepper to taste.

Beef having a tendency to be tough, can be made very palatable by stewing for two hours with salt and pepper, taking out about a pint of the liquor when half done, and letting the rest boil into the meat. Brown the meat in the pot. After taking up, make a gravy of the pint of liquor saved.

A small piece of charcoal in the pot with boiling cabbage removes the smell.

Tumblers that have had milk in them should never be put into hot water.

A spoonful of stewed tomatos in the gravy of either roasted or fried meats is an improvement.

The skin of a boiled egg in the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply to the part affected. It will draw off the matter, and relieve the soreness in a few hours.


# Dr. Harter's IRON TONIC

Is a Preparation of IRON and CALISAYA BARK, in combination with the Phosphates.

Endorsed by the Medical Profession, and recommended by them for Dyspepsia, General Debility, Female Diseases, Want of Vitality, &c., &c.

**Manufactured by the Dr. Harter Medicine Co., No. 213 N. Main Street, St. Louis.**

The following is one of the very many testimonials we are receiving daily:

*Gentlemen.*—Some three months ago I began the use of DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC, upon the advice of many friends who knew its virtues. I was suffering from general debility to such an extent that my labor was exceedingly burdensome to me. A vacation of a month did not give me much relief, but on the contrary, was followed by increased prostration and sinking chills. At this time I began the use of your IRON TONIC, from which I realized almost immediate and wonderful results. The old energy returned and I found that my natural force was not permanently abated. I have used three bottles of the TONIC. Since using it I have done twice the labor that I ever did in the same time during my illness, and with double the ease. With the tranquil nerve and vigor of body, has come also a clearness of thought never before enjoyed. If the TONIC has not done the work, I know not what. I give it the credit.

Most gratefully yours,

TROY, O., Jan. 2, 1878. J. P. W

# News of the Week.

**THE CAPITAL.**

At Washington, Nov. 12, the Treasury Department purchased 365 000 ounces of fine silver for the Philadelphia and San Francisco mints. Five hundred and fifty-one thousand ounces of standard gold bullion, being a portion of that received from Europe, was to day ordered by the Department from the assay office in New York City to the Philadelphia mint for coinage into gold coins. The value of bullion is about $10 250,000. The Director of the Mint states that until further orders the coinage of gold by the United States mints will be confined to eagles and half eagles.

At Washington, the annual report of the General Land Office has been handed in to the Secretary of the Interior. It shows that during the fiscal year ending June 30 last, 9,333,513 acres of public lands were disposed of and 9,484,926 acres were surveyed, in addition to 764 591,255 acres previously surveyed. The total number of acres of public domain still unsurveyed is about 1,081,000,000. The increase in homestead entries was 841,766 acres and in timber culture entries 936 153 acres. Owing to the existing laws for the disposal of public lands for homestead and timber culture, it is shown that during the last fiscal year with a larger disposal of land, there were received from all sources $1 883,113 less by $139,418 than the amount received during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1878.

A Washington dispatch says Mr. Gurley of the Postoffice Department, Superintendent of the Free Delivery Service, has made his annual report to the Postmaster General, and presents some facts that will not only interest, but surprise the public with reference to the growth of the carrier service. The report shows that the carriers handled an aggregate of nearly 95,000,000 pieces of mail matter more than they did the year previous, and that each carrier handled nearly 25,000 pieces more than he did the previous year. The postage collected upon local letters, that is, letters addressed to persons in the same Town with the writer, paid for the entire carrier service with $64,771 to spare.

A dispatch says Alexander H. Stephens is accused of trying to get up a Grant boom among Southern Democrats. Being asked about it by a South Carolina Democrat, Mr. Stephens replied: "I have nothing to say at this time upon political questions; and nothing to do with making or unmaking candidates for the presidency, but in satisfaction of your curiosity on the point, in my opinion the South might go a great deal farther and do a great deal worse." Mr. Stephens' intimate friends say that he will not support Tilden if nominated, and that he would prefer to see Grant President to Tilden. The anti Tilden Georgians go so far as to say that Uncle Sammy could not carry the State.

A dispatch says: Upon representations of numerous affidavits of Special Agents of the Postoffice Department, P. M. Gen. Key has arrived at the conclusion that all lottery companies and lottery agents are doing a fraudulent business within the purview of his statutory powers, conceiving schemes to defraud the public, and he has therefore commenced the issuance of special orders to postmasters at specified cities, directed by name, against all persons known to be concerned in the lottery business, and prohibiting postmasters to pay any postal money order or deliver a registered letter addressed to persons there named.

At Washington Nov. 14, the Secretary of the Treasury officially informed the Secretary of State of the recent decision of the Treasury Department, prohibiting the importation of veal cattle into the United States from the Dominion of Canada, and requesting the Canadian authorities to be notified that a circular to that effect was issued November 3.

A Washington dispatch says the Central Pacific Railroad, through its President, Mr. C. P. Huntington, has paid into the treasury $220,000 for account of its indebtedness to the Government. The balance still due is about $600 000, of the $220,000 received $180,000 has been credited to the Pacific Railroad sinking fund, in pursuance of the provisions of the funding act. In transmitting the money Mr. Huntington takes occasion to observe that the payment is made under protest. He furthermore indulges in the hope that Congress may yet realize the injustice and illegality of the statute establishing the Pacific Railroad sinking fund, and repeal the same. He also intimates that another test case may be made for the purpose of obtaining a hearing before the Supreme Court of the United States, and securing if possible a reversal of the decision affirming the constitutionality of the act in question.

**EAST.**

At Harrisburg Nov. 12, returns from every County in the State gives a total vote for State Treasurer as follows: Butler, Republican, 280,153; Barr, Democrat 221,715; Salton, Greenback, 27,207; Richardson, Prohibitionist, 3,219.

A carefully compiled list of Maine Legislature shows the Republicans to have 89 members in the House and one vacancy by death, while the Democrats have 61 in the same branch. In the Senate the Republicans have 19 members and the Democrats 12.

At Northeastham, Mass., Nov. 16, at 6 o'clock in the evening the shore end of the new French cable was landed, and soon after signals were exchanged with the steamer Faraday, which will leave to-morrow to make the final connection 17 miles out.

At Northeastham, Mass., Nov. 17, The steamer "Faraday," Sunday, anchored a mile off the beach, and the officers of the Cable Company went on board to welcome Captain Trott. The work was immediately commenced on the shore end of the cable, and at six it was on the beach laid, and signals exchanged, with the "Faraday." The steamer then proceeded to the place where the cable is buoyed, and to day the final splice will be made, and the cable worked throughout the entire circuit from Cape Cod to Brests.

At Baltimore, Nov. 17, at the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Baltimore & Ohio Road the old officers were unanimously re elected by a vote of 63,066 shares, as follows: Galloway Cheston, Francis Burns, John Spear, Nicholas John Gregg, Wm. W. Taylor, Samuel Kerby, John King, jr., G. A. VonLingen, Decatin H. Miller, Joshua G. Harvey, Wm. Donnell and Henry C. Smith. The report shows that the net earnings of the main stem and all branches and divisions for the year were $8 582,026—an increase of $428,700 over 1878. Six hundred and seventy-three miles of track of main stem and branches east of the Ohio River are now laid with steel rails. On the Chicago division the earnings were $96,293 more than the previous year, whilst the expenses increased $81,311, showing a comparative net gain of $64,982. The rapid improvement of business upon this line of the road continues and it already shows its ability to pay from its net earnings more than five per cent. interest on the sterling loan of 1,000,000 pounds taken for an account of the roads composing this division and taxes amounting to $553,420. The loss on the central Ohio division was $23,579. On the Pittsburg division the earnings were $54,091 more than the previous year and the expenses decreased $92 609, showing a net increase over the preceding year of $146,761. The aggregate reduction of indebtedness of the company for the year was $4,607,398. Mr. Garrett was unanimously re elected president.

At New York Judge Dettenhoefer has begun the action on behalf of Wachsman & Co., against Thomas L James, postmaster in this City, for damage caused by the detention of their letters, registered and ordinary, under orders from the Postmaster General, based on the law authorizing him to detain letters concerning lotteries, etc. It is claimed by the counsel that the law is unconstitutional, as it makes the Postmaster General sole and exclusive judge, jury and sheriff, and gives the party no opportunity to be heard and deprives the plaintiffs of their property without due process of law and in violation of the provisions of the constitution.

**SOUTH.**

At New Orleans, Nov. 11, Edward C. Palmer, late President of the Louisiana Savings Bank, was arrested upon two indictments by the Grand Jury, one charging him with embezzlement, June 18, 1879, of $47,487 of money belonging to the bank or deposited therein, and the other with publishing false reports and willfully concealing facts as to the condition of the bank, to deceive the public. Palmer was imprisoned in default of a $40 000 bond. He declares his arrest an outrage caused by hatred, jealousy and spite.

**WEST.**

At Washington, Nov. 12, Sec. Schurz received a telegram from Special Agent Adams, written at Los Pinos Agency, Nov. 10, saying: "Arrived here yesterday, and immediately proceeded to Chief Ouray's house, where I met about 20 chiefs and head men of White River Utes, who had come in obedience to Ouray's orders."

At St. Paul Nov. 11, official returns from 60 Counties out of 70 in the State gave the following majorities for the Republican, State ticket: Pillsbury, Republican, for Governor, over Rice, Democrat, 10 699; Gorman for Lieutenant Governor, 16 290. It is thought the remaining 12 Counties will add 4,200 to Pillsbury's majority, and 4 400 to the rest of the ticket. The constitutional amendment limiting the issue of bonds by Cities and Towns to five per cent. of the taxable property was adopted by a large majority.

At Los Pinos Agency, Col., Nov. 11, Gen. Adams, a member of the Peace Commission, had just arrived. Col. Hatch is expected to-morrow. The Commission will be ready to take testimony on the 12th. If the Utes had been consulted on their choice, they would have selected Gen. Crook from the military. A Sharon chief says: "Crook have now to fight Indians; he no tell lie; me like him." This is the universal sentiment among the Utes. The result of the Commission is idle to conjecture. A month will not see the end of their labors. A majority of the White River Utes are camped about 70 miles from here, and are afraid to accept the invitation of Sec. Schurz and Chief Ouray to come.

LOS PINOS AGENCY, Nov. 12, via Lake City, Col., Nov. 13.—Ouray has succeeded in accomplishing his purpose and has prevailed upon the White River Utes to accept the invitation of Sec. Schurz to come here and meet the commission. The principal chiefs with the exception of Jack reached Ouray's the evening of the 10th and a dozen or more were at the agency yesterday. The gentle savage Coho is among the number. Caught Chief Jack utterly refuses to come. He left the Indian camp a week ago, and it is surmised by Ouray that he has gone to join the Uintahs in Utah. There is an apparent willingness on the part of the Indians to submit their side of the question to the commission and abide the result. They have an abiding faith in Ouray and Gen. Adams, and all they ask is justice. Ouray is in favor of punishing the guilty, but insists that this nation has not forfeited all their rights under the treaty of 1879 by the overt act of Jack and his band.

A Detroit dispatch says Hon. F. C. Beaman, recently appointed United States Senator to fill the unexpected term of the late Senator Chandler, has declined on account of ill health, and Gov. Croswel has appointed ex-Gov. Henry P. Baldwin, of Detroit, to fill the vacancy.

**FOREIGN.**

**Great Britain.**

The London Post, of Nov. 18, by official authority, denies that England's ultimatum was sent to the Porte, and denies that the channel fleet was ordered to be in readiness to proceed from Malta to the Turkish waters, in four days. It denies that England demanded from Turkey the cession of the Porte in the Black Sea, and denies that a league of Balkan provinces had been formed.

The former Confederate cruiser, the "Shenandoah," sunk off the island of Socotra, Indian Ocean. The date of the disaster is unknown. The most of the crew were drowned. The "Shenandoah" belonged to the Sultan of Zanzabar.

**Turkey.**

A Constantinople dispatch says there is a strong tendency on the part of the Turkish Cabinet to enter into an actual alliance with Russia. The Grand Vizier and Osman Pasha, Minister of War, especially advocate a close understanding with Russia. It is said that the Sultan has been gained over to their views. In this connection it is rumored that Osman Pasha will shortly go to Livadia on a special mission.

**Russia.**

The "Agence Russ" contradicts the statement published in several foreign newspapers that Lord Dufferin, British Ambassador to Russia, has been instructed to submit a plan for *modus vivendi* between the two Governments in regard to Central Asia, and declares that Lord Dufferin was absent from St. Petersburg at the time the alleged instructions were stated to have been sent him.

A dispatch from Berlin says: Russia has advised Turkey to ask all signatories to the treaty of 1856, to dispatch squadrons to the Dardanelles, in case the English fleet enter the straits. The whole of the St. Petersburg press is violent in its tone on the question.

**Afghanistan.**

A London dispatch from Cabul says: "The general belief of the complicity of Yakoob Khan in the massacre of the British Embassy gains strength. The Ameer and his advisers, it is thought, did not anticipate a wholesale massacre, but only sufficient intimidation to induce Maj. Cavagnarie to report his position in Cabul as untenable. Affairs, however, went beyond their control, and they then acted on the principle that 'dead men tell no tales.'" The troops did not mutiny for arrears of pay, but were instigated by their officers, working under the connivance of high authorities.

The correspondent at Berlin declares the Egyptian affair still unsettled, and that Germany, Austria and Italy insist on the appointment of a joint representative for the three powers, to act with Baring and De Blignieres in a commission of the Central, which demand England and France have not yet acceded to.

**Col. John Hay's Little Speech to th Soldiers.**

Col. John Hay, at the enthusiastic meeting last week of the soldiers and sailors of Cuyahoga County, made a pleasant little speech, in which he said: "Like thousands of others, I went where I was sent, and did what I was ordered, without gaining any fame or glory, without establishing any claim upon the consideration or gratitude of my fellow citizens, and when I was mustered out of the army I regarded the Nation as acquitted of any debt toward me henceforth and forever. In fact the balance was largely on the other side. Now, the case of those who suffered wounds and privations in the service, is, of course, wholly different. Before the men who have lost limbs on the battlefield, who carry Rebel lead in their bodies, whose health has been broken in Rebel prisons, I take off my hat and bow my head. The Nation can never do too much for those men who have done and suffered so much for us. But I think I speak the sentiments of the vast majority of the men who went in and came out with whole skins, when I say they ask no favors from anybody by virtue of their military service. [Loud applause.] They were glad to do what they could, whether it was much or little; they had a good time doing it, and Uncle Sam is welcome to all the profit, if there was any."

**A Lady's Wish.**

"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the first lady. "By using Hop Bitters, that makes pure rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me as you observe."

# MICHIGAN'S NEW SENATOR.

## Ex-Gov. Henry P. Baldwin.

**Sketch of His Life—A New Englander—A Successful Merchant—An Anti-Slavery Whig—A Wise Governor.**

Detroit Post and Tribune.

Henry Porter Baldwin, the new Senator from Michigan, is a New Englander by birth, but has been for 41 years a resident of this City. He comes from thorough Puritan stock, his father being a lineal descendant of Nathaniel Baldwin, who settled near Milford, Conn., in 1639, and his mother of Robert Williams, who settled at Boxbury in 1638 His paternal grandfather, the Rev. Moses Baldwin, was the first man who received collegiate honors from Princeton college. Sen. Baldwin was born in 1814, at Coventry, R. I., being among the younger children of a large family. He received an ordinary New England common school education, supplemented by six months at an academy, and then (at the age of 12 years) commenced as a clerk in the store of the husband of his eldest sister. Necessity thus interfered with his hopes of acquiring a liberal education, but he continued to improve his scanty leisure by constant reading and systematic study. He continued for eight years to serve as clerk, and then (while still a minor) started Westward and commenced business for himself.

In 1837 Sen. Baldwin made his first visit to the West, and, as the result of his examination of this new and rapidly developing portion of the country, removed to Detroit in the Spring of 1838. Here he established the well-known boot and shoe house of H. P. Baldwin & Co., which still continues under the firm name of H. P. Baldwin 2d & Co. The business was profitable, and was managed with energy and skill, and in it laid the foundation of a handsome fortune. This State had no better merchant in his day in all the points of enterprise, integrity and capacity. Mr. Baldwin also interested himself in matters affecting the prosperity of the City and State, and early became known for his public spirit and liberality. There was no enterprise of importance here in which he was not a prominent actor, and his name figures in nearly all the legal undertakings of the last 30 years. He was for several years a director and for one term President of the Young Men's Society in its best days. The flourishing parish (Episcopalian) of St. Johns is chiefly indebted to his large benefactions for its strength and marked usefulness. He gave the lot on which the parish edifices stand, and contributed the larger share to the cost of their erection. He was one of the founders of St. Luke's Hospital, and has been connected with and is known as a liberal contributor to a score of moral, benevolent and religious enterprises. He was a Director of the old Michigan State Bank, and has been President of the Second National Bank since its organization in 1863.

Senator Baldwin has been an active Republican since the organization of the party, and before that time was known as an anti-slavery Whig. His political career commenced with his election to the State Senate in the fall of 1860. He took his seat in that body in a crisis in the history of this State. Its finances were disordered by the McKinney defalcation; the condition of its treasury was entirely unknown, and looming up in the near future were the large extra expenses of the war, then about to break out. Mr. Baldwin was made chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate, and consequently chairman of the Joint committee upon which devolved the work of investigating the condition of the State finances. He brought to the discharge of this duty the same painstaking fidelity and business capacity which characterized his history as a merchant; and gave his uninterrupted personal attention to the difficult task of unraveling the complicated and confused accounts of the State Treasury. This work involved over 30 days of constant labor upon his part, but resulted in a report which cleared up the muddle thoroughly, revealed the methods and results of the defalcation, and paved the way to that reorganization of the State finances which has led to the present unrivaled credit and fiscal soundness of Michigan. His work in this instance laid the foundation of his State reputation, and gave him that firm hold upon the confidence of the people which has promoted him since to positions of the highest honor and responsibility.

In 1864 Mr. Baldwin's name was presented for the Governorship, but he was defeated by Gov. Crapo by a very small majority in the convention. In 1868, at the conclusion of Gov. Crapo's term, he was nominated for Governor, and was re-elected in 1870, serving from 1869 to 1872 inclusive. His administration was a prosperous one, and his discharge of the duties of the gubernatorial office was characterized by notable industry, public spirit and practical ability. During his term marked improvements were made in all the State institutions. The Coldwater school was founded, and the penal and reformatory commission created. The initiatory steps toward building the new Capital, the Pontiac Asylum, and the House of Correction at Ionia, were either taken during his term or embraced in the recommendations of his concluding message. Among the incidents of his administration were the legislation in regard to Railroad aid, the subsequent decision of the Supreme Court, and the earnest effort, in which he fully shared, to protect the State from the blot of repudiation. The destructive forest fires visited this State during his second term, and his efficient and prompt measures contributed largely to the adequate relief of the devastated Counties. Sen. Baldwin has also been the candidate of his party for the Mayoralty of this City. Since the conclusion of his term as Governor he was chosen one of the Delegates at Large to the Presidential nominating convention in 1876.

No citizen of Detroit stands higher in public esteem than ex Gov. Baldwin. He will make a faithful and useful Senator, whose duties will be scrupulously discharged and whose votes and influence will be on the right side.

**FIGHTING WITH DYNAMITE.**

**Sharp Contest for the Possession of a Mine—Using the Dread Explosive as a Weapon.**

BREWSTER'S, N. Y., Nov. 11.—This usually quiet corner of Putnam County is still very much excited over a desperate fight for an ore mine, which occurred here a few days ago between a party of the Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company's employes from Scranton, Pa., and a couple of stubborn contractors, who, with a gang of their workmen, endeavored to hold possession of the Lilly Foster pit, on the pretext that they had a contract with the company and could take as long as they liked to carry it out. A short time ago the Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company, of Scranton, purchased the mine, and a verbal contract was made with two men named Canfield and Maley to work it. The contract, of course, like all others of the kind, was subject to dissolution at a day's notice, but by courtesy was run until the end of last month, when the company, becoming dissatisfied with Canfield and Maley, were informed through Supt. Cosgriff that their services were needed no longer. They refused to vacate the property, alleging that their contract with the company called for several thousand tons of ore, and they could get it out in as long or short a time as they saw fit. Cosgriff then sent Constable Day with orders to eject them forcibly, but one of the workmen swung a hammer at Day, and he departed.

FORCES TO THE FRONT.

Mr. W. W. Scranton, of Scranton, Pa., the General Manager of the Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company, was notified of the situation, and he immediately came here and saw Canfield. The latter was very profane, and said "He'd be damned if he'd give up possession until his contract was filled." Mr. Scranton then telegraphed for his attorney, Mr. Hamilton Willis, of New York City, and at the same time sent a dispatch for Capt. C. W. McKinney, of the company's coal and iron police at Scranton, asking him to come at once with six trusty men. The squad left Scranton at midnight with guns and ammunition, arriving here on the following afternoon with a suspicious looking box, which it was afterwards ascertained, contained Remington rifles. They were driven in carriages from the station to the mine. Mr. Scranton again held a long parley with contractor Maley, and said the company would pay him whatever his contract called for if he withdrew from the property, and in case he felt damaged to any extent, they would be willing to arbitrate the matter. This Maley refused to do. He had 12 men in the pit holding possession.

DESCENDING THE LADDER.

As soon as he refused, Mr. Scranton and his party, armed with guns, and wearing the uniform of the Scranton coal and iron police, proceeded to descend the rickety ladder which led to the pit, a depth of 200 feet. They no sooner did so than the Maley gang at the bottom fired a blast of dynamite, and it sent a shower of broken stones flying out of the pit, and rattling around the heads of the invaders, whose lives were in imminent peril. Nothing daunted, however, they descended. The men below were hidden under a rocky recess, and could touch off the deadly dynamite with safety. They had several heavy charges of it in the rock at the foot of the ladder. When the Scranton men were half way down, another blast of dynamite was touched off, and the shaky ladder trembled as if it would collapse. Fortunately the hardy seven escaped injury from the flying rocks, and as soon as they pulled steady the miserable ladder they hastened down toward the foot with increased celerity.

A CRITICAL MOMENT.

While they were yet some 50 feet from the bottom they saw a man named Joe Bracken run out from his hiding place with a lighted lamp, which he was about to apply to a fuse connecting with a heavy charge of dynamite at the foot of the ladder. This was reserved for the last, and if touched off would have blown the visitors to pieces. Instantly seven guns from the men on the ladder were leveled at the head of Bracken and a halt was called. Capt. McKinney said:

"If you fire that fuse we will blow your head off." Then, addressing his companions, added: 'Let every man shoot to kill."

Contractor Maley, who was watching the scene from the mouth of the pit, said, "Don't light it, Joe; they'll kill you." Joe didn't light it, but quickly retreated to his cave, and the Scranton men soon hurried to the bottom The workmen were loath to leave, but after a lively pricking of bayonets, they hurried up the ladder and a fresh gang of men was put in their places. Mr. Scranton and his party were then lowered to the other vein—300 feet deep—in buckets, and they drove a gang of reluctant workmen out of there and then returned to the surface once more.

The Sheriff stood and watched this exciting scene, and crowds of persons were assembled at the mouth of the pit when the Scranton men came out. On coming out they were arrested and held to bail in the sum of $250 each. The contractors and Bracken were also arrested. The case will engage the attention of the Court at once, and intense interest is felt in the result.

**AGRICULTURAL REPORT.**

**Condition of the Cotton, Wheat, Tobacco and Corn Crop of the Country.**

WASHINTON, Nov. 15.—The following is the condition of cotton, wheat, tobacco and corn as received by the Department of Agriculture to-day:

Cotton—There was a decided increase in the condition of cotton during October. Unfavorable weather was reported in Georgia and Alabama.

In all other States it was favorable. The returns indicate a yield per acre of 176 pounds lint against 191 last year. This yield estimating the area planted at two per cent more than last year would make a deficit in this years crops of 290,000 bales of 150 pounds each. All the South Atlantic States show some decline. Texas falls off 35 per cent. All the States bordering on the Mississippi River shows decided gains.

The wheat returns of Nov. 1st, show an increase in the wheat crop of 26 million bushels over last year. This great increase is the result of a very heavy yield in all the States bordering on the Ohio river, and Missouri.

Northwestern States show little variation from last year. Kansas and California both decline in yield. Texas, of all the Southern States, is the only one that falls off in the yield this year.

Tobacco. The indicated product for the entire country is 98 per cent. of that of '78. The gain has been greatest in Tennessee, Connecticut and New York. The less greater in Ohio, Missouri and West Virginia, with a material decrease in Maryland, Illinois and Indiana. In general quality it is better than the previous crop though damaged to some extent from "house burn." "Housburn" is reported in Kentucky and Virginia and from Ohio.

Corn. According to the returns of November 1st the corn crop promises an increase of over [illegible] hundred million bushels or nearly 15 per cent. over last year. The Atlantic and Gulf Coast States note some decrease but other sections of the Union have greatly increased their yield. The Southern Inland States increase nearly 20 per cent. over other sections of the Mississippi Valley. Nearly 20 Pacific States report about the same yield as last year.

**DIFTHERIA IN RUSSIA.**

**Its Terrible Ravages in Differ nt Districts, Causing Great Alarm to the Government.**

LONDON, Nov. 14.—Diftheria, which, for several years, has made great ravages in Russia, seems to be gaining more and more ground. "The disease," says the Novoe Vremya, "has attained such frightful proportions in some regions that the percentage of mortality far exceeds that of births. In the small districts of Mirgorod, where the epidemic has been raging since 1875, there were 414, died from the in 1876 and 1877 there died 138 persons. In Odessa since May last, diftheria snatched away 76 per cent! of the children, and in Stavrogol in the course of four months one-half of the infant population fell victims to the disease. In Kiobenneff and in the vicinity of Kieff and Peltava the epidemic has been raging for the last two years without interruption. In the village of Kaplonofka in the government of Kharkoff, 50 children died in two weeks. In the hamlet of Nakomotka more than 200 infants have been carried away by disease since January last, in addition to a large number of adults. In the village of Tamarofka not one child has escaped the epidemic. The Mariopol district showed an average daily death roll of 10. The Novoe Vremya adds a long list of places where the diftheria is raging in the same frightful degree, and even worse. More than 11 vast districts are afflicted with the disease. The mortality both of youthful and adult population is so enormous that the Government has appointed a special commission under M. Karel the physician in ordinary to the Emperor to inquire into the increases of the epidemic and has issued strict injunctions to local authorities about the measures to be adopted for the arrest and extinction of the disease.

A great medicine in small vials—Dr. Pierce's Pellets (little pills). No cheap, paste-board or wooden boxes, that allow a waste of strength. Sick headache, dizziness, rush of blood to head, bad taste in mouth, bilious attacks, jaundice, infernal fever, boils and nettle rash. Sold by all druggists.

All that the American Navy needs is some boats. It has plenty of water.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

**Capture of the "Huascar" by the Chilian Fleet.**

NEW YORK, Nov. 24.—South American mails bring the following details of the capture of the "Huascar:" From the moment that the Chilian iron clad appeared on the horizon, steaming rapidly towards the "Huascar," from the northward, whilst the "Blanco Encalada" was steadily pursuing the ram from the south, Admiral Grau perceived clearly that his ship was doomed, but, brave man as he was, no thought of surrender entered his mind, and the whole ship's company assumed their appointed stations for a struggle with a conviction that no human power could extricate the "Huascar" from such overwhelming forces as those presented by the Chilian vessels. From the decks and tops of the two vessels

THE FIRE OF MUSKETRY

and of Gatling guns was incessant, and on the "Huascar" the effect was becoming painfully apparent. One hour and eight minutes after the commencement of the fight the "Huascar" had discharged her turret pieces 25 times against the "Cochrane," the latter replying with 30 shots. At this moment the other Chilian ironclad arrived on the scene and immediately opened fire, first directing her attention to the "Huascar's" fighting turret and the little tower near the smoke stack, which is the battle station of the commander. The "Blanco's" guns were excellently well served and their effect terrible. The tower was carried away and Admiral Grau taken down below for the care of the surgeons, with one of his arms torn off. While in the cabin

A SOLID THREE HUNDRED POUND SHOT

struck the ram in the stern destroying her steering gear and passing directly through the ship, left a gaping aperture large enough for a boat to enter. This shot killed the brave Admiral, his aid, Lieut. Ferre, and several others. Capt. Elias Aguirre assumed command of the ship on the death of the Admiral, and took his position on the gun turret, but on this point the two Chilians had concentrated their fire, and the turret was hit by a heavy shell, which, passing through a port, exploded inside, disabling one of the two guns, killing Aguirre and all who were serving the piece.

The "Huascar" was now practically at the mercy of their enemy, ungovernable, and with half her offensive power destroyed.

HER OFFICERS AND CREW DECIMATED.

But the national flag was still flying in defiance, and no one even whispered of surrender. Capt. Meliton Carvaji took command after Aguirre's death, but was instantly taken below very dangerously wounded. First Lieut. Rodrigues succeeded him, and a moment afterwards shared the fate of the Admiral and Aguirre. Lieut. Emigue Palaceos followed Rodriguez in command, and although severely wounded, continued in charge until the end of the bloody drama. Still the "Huascar" discharged her sole remaining cannon at long intervals, as the very turret itself, only 30 feet in diameter, was choking up with debris of shattered guns and bodies of the dead and wounded. Below, in the dark passages and narrow compartments of the ship

THE SCENE WAS FRIGHTFUL.

The dying and those who had perished were heaped indiscriminately together, and every few moments a shot from the enemy came crashing through the doomed vessel. The forecastle was completely shot away, a mast cut in two, and the mitrailleuse in the tops inutilized. The smoke stack and machinery were riddled with balls, the propeller struck and fouled, one gun disabled, and out of 216 men who went into action, only 86 were alive and the majority of those *hors du combat*. Five commanders succeeded each other in their perilous post. Three were dead, one mortally wounded, and the fifth barely able to maintain his trumpet. The Chilians thought that the time had come to close and sent a boarding party to complete the victory, but the brave fellows on the "Huascar"

RALLIED AND DROVE THEM BACK WITH LOSS.

This was the expiring effort. Flesh and blood could do no more. Indeed, human vigor and bravery had withstood the steady shocks which had overcome the iron bulwarks of the historic ship. The Chilians sent another boarding party, this time with success, and the "Huascar" was theirs. The enemy lowered the flag which had waved triumphantly along their coast, and witnessed many a gallant exploit of the dead Admiral. The Peruvian Congress provided liberally for the widow and family of Admiral Grau, and no mention is made of the widow dying from the shock at the news of her husband's death, as previously stated. Liberal provisions are also made for the families of all officers and the men killed and wounded on the "Huascar."

**Two Valuable Inventions.**

Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.

The following new inventions by residents of Nevada have been caveated at the Washington Patent Office:

A BARBER'S MUZZLER.—This is a very serviceable contrivance, which can be fastened over a barber's mouth to prevent his talking while shaving customers. It is made of iron, padded inside, and can be fastened securely so as to cover the whole mouth. It is furnished with clamps and screws, which are fixed at the back of the head. Price, $2.50. Those furnished with a lever attachment, for the purpose of breaking the barber's jaw come at $3. The plates which fit on the cheeks are of the best chilled steel.

THE BONNETT GRAPPLE.—This little machine is destined to be of great service to theater goers. It is an ordinary grappling-hook with a rope attached. The grapple is thrown over any lady's bonnet which may happen to obstruct the view, and the crowd behind can always be depended upon to pull the rope. It sometimes disfigures the lady's face permanently, in which case she never returns to again obstruct the view.

**Sure Death.**

Hawkeye.

"Senator," said Gen. Beatty to the late Sen. Chandler not long ago, "I would like to see you President; you are the sort of man we need just now." "No, no," he replied. "It hope I'll never get the presidential fever. It is sure death. Men recover from the small pox, cholera and yellow fever, but they never get over the presidential fever."

—To enumerate the miraculous cures wrought by "Dr. Sellers' Cough Syrup" would fill a volume. Its cures are marvelous. Price 25 cents.


**FELLOWS'**

**Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites**

FOR AGUE, AMENIA, INTERMITTENT FEVER, CONSUMPTION, GENERAL DEBILITY, &c., &c.

RAVENNA, MERCER CO., MISSOURI, May, 1879.

THE FELLOWS MEDICAL MANUFACTURING CO.

GENTS—We have used your Fellows Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites with gratifying results in our practice, and cheerfully recommend it to Physicians, and others as a reliable and agreeable preparation in Ague, Intermittent Fever, first and second stages of Pulmonary Consumption or Anæmia or General Debility. We would recommend it as the best thing we know of.

Signed, J. E. CALLAWAY, M.D.
JOHN L. GRIFLEY, M.D.

NORTHPORT, WIS., May 6, 1879.

JAMES I. FELLOWS, Esq:

SIR—I have been using your medicine for over a year now, and with the best effects. I have used it in Fevers, Debility, Consumption, and in fact in a new man of me. I have been all over six years with a number of diseases and in a difficulty was the most prominent. I have used it in the case of a great many doctors, and have taken quantities of medicine, and without any apparent benefit, but appeared to be still growing worse and weaker until I accidentally came across one of your circulars, and was fearfully recommended to try your medicine, and I found its effects were almost magical upon me, and I was a surprise to myself and friends, having gained a perfect body in flesh.

I Remain Respectfully,
LAWRENCE DORAN.

Do not be deceived by remedies bearing a similar name; no other preparation is a substitute for this under any circumstances.

**Sold by all Druggists.**

**COLUMBIA BICYCLE.**

**Better than a horse,** because you can ride it more miles in a day than a horse can go, and it eats nothing.

Send Three-cent Stamp for Price List and 24 page Illustrated Catalogue, with full information.

**THE POPE MANUFAC'G CO.,**
**72 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.**

# Health is Wealth.

## Health of Body is Wealth of Mind.

# RADWAY'S Sarsaparilian Resolvent.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound, without caries, and your complexion fair, use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

## A Grateful Recognition.

To cure a CHRONIC OR LONG STANDING DISEASE is truly a victory in the healing art; that reasoning power that clearly discerns DEFECT and supplies a remedy; that restores step by step—by degrees—the body which has been slowly attacked and weakened by an insidious disease, not only commands our respect but deserves our gratitude. Dr. Radway has furnished mankind with that wonderful remedy, RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT, which accomplishes this result, and suffering humanity, who drag out an existence of pain and disease, through long days and long nights, owe him their gratitude.—Medical Messenger.

## FALSE AND TRUE.

We extract from Dr. Radway's Treatise on Disease and its cure, as follows:

LIST OF DISEASES CURED BY

## DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

**Chronic Skin Diseases, Caries of the Bone, Humors in the Blood, Scrofulous Diseases, Bad or Unnatural Habit of Body, Syphilis and Venereal, Rheumatism, Chronic or Old Chronic Sore Throats, Salt Rheum, Ricketts, White Swelling, Scald Head, Uterine Affections, Cankers, Glandular Swellings, Nodes, Wasting and Decay of the Body, Pimples and Blotches, Tumors, Dyspepsia, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Consumption, Gravel and Calculous Deposits, and various of the above complaints to which sometimes are given special names.**

We assert that there is no known remedy that possesses the curative power over these diseases that RADWAY'S RESOLVENT furnishes. It cures step by step, from the foundation, and restores to the injured parts to their sound condition. **The wastes of the body are stopped and healthy blood is supplied to the system,** from which new material is formed. This is the first corrective power of RADWAY'S RESOLVENT.

In cases where the system has been salivated and Mercury, Quicksilver, Corrosive Sublimate have accumulated and become deposited in the bones joints, etc., causing caries of the bones, rickets, spinal curvatures, contortions, white swellings, varicose veins, etc., the SARSAPARILLIAN will resolve away these deposits and exterminate the virus of the disease from the system.

If those who are taking these medicines for the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous or Syphilitic diseases, however slow may be the cure, "feel better" and find their general health improving, their flesh and weight increasing or even keeping its own, it is a sure sign that the cure is progressing. In these diseases the patient either gets better or worse—the virus of the disease is not inactive; if not arrested and driven from the blood it will spread and continue to undermine the constitution. As soon as the SARSAPARILLIAN makes the patient feel better every hour they will grow better and increase in health, strength and flesh.

## OVARIAN TUMORS.

The removal of these Tumors by RADWAY'S RESOLVENT is now a certainty established, that what was once considered almost miraculous is now a recognized fact by all parties. Witness the cases of Hannah Ryan, Bridgeport, Conn.; Mrs. J. H. Judy and Mrs. P. D. Hendrix, published in our Almanac for 1879; also that of Mrs. C. S. Bibbins, in the present edition of our Fame and True.

Space forbids our making particular reference to the various cases of chronic diseases reached by our SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. Invalids and their friends must consult our writings if they wish to obtain an idea of the promise and potency of R. R. R. Remedies.

**One Dollar per Bottle.**

## MINUTE REMEDY.

Only requires minutes, not hours, to relieve pain and cure acute diseases.

## Radway's Ready Relief,

In from one to twenty minutes, never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

**Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cold Chills, Ague Chills, Chilblains, Frost Bites, Bruises, Summer Complaints, Coughs, Colds, Sprains, Pains in the Chest, Back or Limbs, are instantly relieved.**

## FEVER AND AGUE

Fever and Ague cured for Fifty Cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow, and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

It will in a few moments, when taken according to direction, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travellers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

Miners and Lumbermen should always be provided with it.

## CAUTION.

All remedial agents capable of destroying life by an overdose should be avoided. Morphine, opium, strychnine, arnica, hyoscamus, and other powerful remedies, do at certain times, in very small doses, relieve the patient during their action in the system. But perhaps the second dose, if repeated, may aggravate and increase the suffering, and another dose cause death. There is no necessity of using these uncertain agents when a positive remedy like RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will stop the most excruciating pain quicker, without entailing the least difficulty in either infant or adult.

## THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain.

**Fifty Cents per Bottle.**

## RADWAY'S REGULATNIG PILLS.

**Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable and Natural in their Operation**

## VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE for CALOMEL.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen.

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